



No. 372.—VOL. XXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1900.

SIXPENCE.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HENRY MCLEOD LESLIE RUNDLE, K.C.B., D.S.O.,

WHO SAILED ON SATURDAY LAST FOR SOUTH AFRICA TO COMMAND THE EIGHTH DIVISION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMBERT WESTON AND SON, DOVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Her Majesty in London—The Children and the Flags—The Irish Guards—An Incident of the Fire at the Théâtre Français.

IN HER MAJESTY'S progresses—there is no other word that suits so well as the old Elizabethan term—through her good City of London, there was an informality that delighted the average Englishman. On occasions of ceremony, the Briton, be he a Duke or a chimney-sweep, likes to think that no other nation in the world can show so magnificent a pageant as we can command. The Russians who came over in an official capacity to attend the last Jubilee celebration said that the Coronation procession of their Emperor could not compare in splendour with the great host of soldiers, drawn from all quarters of the earth, who, as the supporters of the Empire, preceded Her Majesty, and that no nation cheered its Sovereign as we cheer ours. To hear this was a gratification, and those of us who were told these pretty things by Russian diplomats and other foreigners smiled and bowed and patted ourselves gently on the back. The celebration of Thursday and Friday last was, however, more intimate and more striking than a pageant could be. We wanted no foreigners to tell us that such a meeting between the Sovereign and her subjects would be impossible in any other country, that so much could be said without speech other than a cheer.

The mass of people that crowded either side of the roadway had a message to deliver to Her Majesty, and the great, hoarse roar that followed round London the plain carriage and the quiet figure sitting on the back-seat meant a grateful acknowledgment of all that Her Majesty has done for her people during this war in voicing their sorrow and their joy, and their gratitude to her for disregarding her own comfort and her own pleasure in order to remain in the midst of us.

There are always little incidents that dwell in the mind after days like Thursday and Friday, little points that stand out against a blurred background of a dark-clad crowd, policing itself, and breaking into a fervour of sound as Her Majesty approached; and one of these points that I shall remember always was the children with their flags. I have written before as to the happy tendency to song and bright-coloured decoration that we Britons are showing. There were plenty of examples of this—for instance, the crowd that sung for hours outside the gates of Buckingham Palace, the Lords and the Faithful Commons breaking into the National Anthem, which will form a precedent, and the fringe of bright colour that ran along the streets through which Her Majesty passed; but the children with flags was a novelty to me, an old Londoner. Every other child that I met on Thursday and Friday afternoons had a banner. Grave little aristocrats, their nurses leading them by the hand, carried their colours furled; the school-children who lined the pavement before Marylebone Church were waving their flags and cheering shrilly at intervals when I passed them at least an hour before Her Majesty came on the scene; and in Regent Street and Pall Mall little commandoes of ragamuffins tramped along the gutter, every ragged imp bearing something that did duty as a flag. The strangest of these processions of brats was one commanded by a little cripple, who kept his army in splendid order. There was a touch of pathos in this which could hardly be conveyed into print.

In the decoration of horseflesh a butcher-boy whose cart passed me on Friday easily took the palm. His pony had tricolour rosettes at its ears, there were bows of red, white, and blue ribbon at every buckle on the harness, and as a loin-cloth a Union Jack was used.

I saw Her Majesty pass from a Service Club. The Admirals and Generals and Colonels, who are now all the members left in London, uncovered in silence as the Queen drove by. Someone suggested that Her Majesty might think our loyalty lukewarm because we did not cheer, but he was pulled up sharply by an old General with, "The Queen knows that the boys who would have made a noise are all away at 'the front' fighting for her."

It is said that the announcement that a regiment of Irish Guards is to be formed will be made during the Queen's stay in Ireland. Not only will this creation of a new Household regiment appeal to the sentimental side of the character of the Irish, but it will be a boon to the War Office authorities, who will find the raising of the new regiment easier work than the adding of new battalions to the other three.

It is not by any means the first time that the raising of a regiment of Irish Guards has been proposed. In Crimean times it was suggested that a Guards Regiment should be formed from the Irish Constabulary. The men were willing enough, but the difficulty lay with the officers. The Constabulary officers are all gentlemen of birth and breeding, but they are almost without exception solely dependent on their pay, and, therefore, could not be expected to surrender the high rate of remuneration and few expenses they enjoyed for the greater expenses and smaller pay of officers of the Guards.

The catastrophe of the burning of the Théâtre Français and the death of the little *ingénue*, Mdlle. Henriot, have brought messages of sympathy from all Europe. The plan of the House of Molière differs from that of any other theatre I know of in Europe, for the building consists of a house and the theatre, and in the artists' dressing-rooms and the green-room one might be miles away from a stage. There is always a tinge of comedy in every tragedy, and in this one the arrest for theft of M. Seloir, a *Sociétaire*, who was trying to save the valuable documents in the archive-room, by a policeman supplies it.

THE WAR—WEEK BY WEEK.

The Calm after the Storm—Scattering the Enemy at Osfontein—Boer Rout at Driefontein—Stemming the Tide of Invasion—Mafeking's Hard Plight.

WITHIN War, as with Nature—after the storm, the calm. Consequently, the stirring events that took place in the Free State and Natal, between the end of February and the commencement of the present month, were succeeded by a short period of comparative inactivity on the part of our forces. This brief interval of rest, however, was absolutely necessary, owing to the tremendous strain that the capture of Cronjé and the relief of Ladysmith had imposed upon our men.

Nevertheless, the "breathing-space" afforded Lord Roberts' troops was a remarkably short one, for the sudden concentration of a Boer commando at Poplar Grove, on the other side of the Modder River, necessitated their prompt withdrawal from the immediate vicinity of Paardeberg. Advancing, accordingly, in a north-easterly direction, the invading army took up a new position at a place called Osfontein. Here, on Wednesday last, the British and Boer forces came into contact with one another.

THE BATTLE OF OSFONTEIN.

The engagement that then ensued (known as the Battle of Osfontein, or Poplar Grove) resulted in signal and gratifying success to our arms. According to Lord Roberts' own telegraphed despatches from the field, the fighting that took place on this occasion was of a most stubbornly contested nature, and the ultimate rout of the enemy was not effected until heavy loss had first been inflicted upon them. The position occupied by the Boers (who numbered about 14,000, under the joint command of Generals De Wet and Delarey) was an exceedingly well-chosen one. It consisted of a series of strongly entrenched kopjes, extending four miles to the north of the Modder and eleven miles to the south, and accordingly presented a front to each bank.

The able generalship, however, of such a veteran of the battlefield as Lord Roberts was fully able to cope with any strategy of the enemy. Accordingly, apportioning his force into three Divisions (with the flanks protected by horse artillery, cavalry, and mounted infantry), he pressed boldly forward to the attack. On reaching the river, he placed Colvile's Division on the north bank, while the Guards Brigade with the Divisions of Kelly-Kenny and Tucker occupied the opposite one. The Boer front being thus engaged along its whole extent, it became only necessary to menace their flank and rear in order to complete their envelopment. Accordingly, the Cavalry Division, under General French, was detached for this purpose.

FRENCH SCATTERS THE ENEMY.

With so dashing an officer as the late leader of the Kimberley relieving column at their head, it was only natural that conspicuous success should meet the efforts of the mounted troops. Riding at all speed towards the given point, they swept boldly round the flank, and, bursting suddenly upon the enemy, took them completely by surprise, turned their left, and cut their line of communication with Bloemfontein. As a result of this brilliantly conceived and smartly executed manœuvre, the enemy promptly evacuated their position, and precipitately fled towards the north and east. For some time they were closely followed by General French's troops, and, but for the exhausted condition of his horses, it is practically certain that a considerable proportion of the retreating force would have been taken prisoners. As it is, one field-gun, with a vast quantity of forage and a number of tents, fell into our hands on this occasion. By the way, additional interest was lent to the events of this day by the fact that both "Oom Paul" and President Steyn were present on the battlefield. Despite their strenuous efforts, however, they were quite unable to check the rout of the burghers.

THE BATTLE OF DRIEFONTEIN.

More fighting took place on the following day, but it was not until last Saturday that an engagement on a large scale took place. Continuing its march on the morning of this day, the advance-guard came suddenly upon the enemy's rear-guard, at a place called Driefontein, and instantly gave battle. The engagement that ensued was of a most severe nature, the brunt of the fighting being borne once more by the troops of General Kelly-Kenny's Division. Among these, the Welsh and Essex Regiments seem to have particularly distinguished themselves. Indeed, it was before the bayonets of these battalions that the Boers finally broke and ran. Upon their dispersal, Lord Roberts' force moved forward again, and on Sunday last had reached Asvogel Kop. As this place is within a very few miles of Bloemfontein, we may expect, at any moment, to hear of the successful entry into the Free State capital of a British force.

PUSHING BACK THE TIDE OF INVASION.

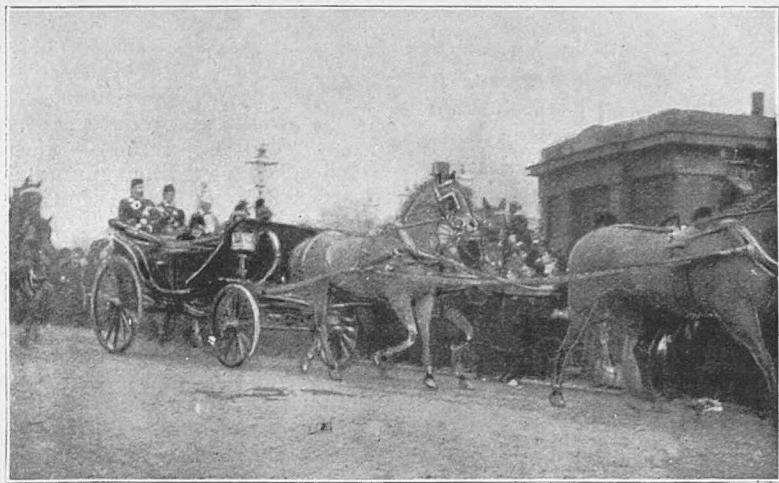
In the remaining portions of the theatre of war a distinct and gratifying tide of success has also befallen our arms. While this is in great measure undoubtedly due to the able generalship of our various leaders, it must not be forgotten that the indomitable valour animating all ranks under them has largely contributed thereto. As Sir Redvers Buller said, in effect, the other day at Ladysmith, "it is the courage

that burns steadily, besides flashing brilliantly," that wins victories. By the ready display of this fine, soldierly quality, our troops are slowly but surely driving the enemy from British territory, and transferring the theatre of war into their own country. Thus, Major-General Clements has succeeded in occupying Norval's Pont, on the south of the Orange River, while Burghersdorp, on the right, was entered by General Gatacre at the commencement of last week.

THE HARD CASE OF MAFEKING.

In one single point alone, in connection with

"SKETCH" SNAPSHOT: HER MAJESTY IN TOWN.



THE QUEEN GOING FOR A DRIVE WITH THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON LAST.

the progress of the last week of war, is there any matter for regret. This is the non-relief (up to the moment of writing) of the hard-pressed garrison of Mafeking. Lord Roberts, however, has pledged himself to raise its siege at the earliest possible moment, and the gallant defenders are sustained by the assurance that "Bobs" will keep his word. Under the gallant "B.-P.," they are pluckily making the best of things, although a diet of horse-flesh and "siege-soup" (composed chiefly of ex-commissariat mule) is not, it is scarcely necessary to say, quite the best imaginable for doing this upon.



A HOMELY SCENE AT WINDSOR CASTLE: PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG READS THE NEWS TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

THE MAN IN THE STREET" needs no introduction to-day. His respectability, and, what is more, his knowledge, has received a certificate from Lord Salisbury. "The Man in the Street knows as much as I do," said the Premier at the opening of the Session, and though natural modesty makes me consider the statement a little too generous, it also prevents me from contradicting his Lordship.

The papers, too, have been treating me with more respect than usual. This is but just, as were it not for me, there would be no newspapers, for I buy the newspapers, and I, in the long run, dictate their policy.

I have noticed a tendency in myself to cheer at the slightest provocation of late. Since that memorable Ladysmith night, there have been plenty of opportunities for cheering, but none has been so eagerly seized as that afforded by the Queen's visit to London. I have never seen anything like the enthusiasm; even the Diamond Jubilee was not in it compared to Thursday and Friday last week.

The drive through the City on Thursday last was a wonderful occasion. A good many people, like myself, thought that the address of the Lord Mayor at the imaginary entrance to the City on the Thames Embankment would afford a splendid opportunity for seeing the Queen, so that it was as one of a crowd that I went down Arundel Street and on to the Embankment about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Somehow, the respectable, middle-aged gentleman in scarlet and mazarine gowns did not look incongruous that afternoon, as they sometimes do, and I was thankful that they were not in evening-dress and white spats, *à la Française*. They attracted me, and I edged towards them, until at last I found myself wedged in a good-humoured crowd just opposite the Lord Mayor, and the mace, and the other weapons. What a roar of cheering went up as the Queen came in sight! I had a good view of Her Majesty, who seemed to me smaller than last year, when I saw her at the South Kensington Exhibition. But she looked very happy and much touched by the spontaneous welcome of her people.

I was interested to read the details of the ceremony in the papers next day, for I heard nothing of the speech owing to the cheering, and saw nothing because at the critical moment I got a hat in each eye from enthusiastic gentlemen in front of me, and by the time I had cleared them away the Queen was driving off. If I smote any man on the nose in waving my hat, I trust he will pardon me as readily as I pardon him for disturbing its nap.

The flower-sellers are quick to rise to the occasion. They were selling charming little bouquets of red, white, and blue, composed of a scarlet geranium, a snowdrop, and a blue vegetable which I am credibly informed is called a periwinkle.

The sellers of penny toys were also well up-to-date. I have added to my portrait gallery a collection of our Generals—not on buttons, for those have had their day; but framed complete, all for a penny. In the remote past our ancestors used to be photographed on little squares of glass, and these works of art used to be completed by a frame of bronzed tin. This is how "Bobs Bahadur" and his Generals are to be had nowadays. A highly finished portrait in a gilt frame—only a penny!

We all look at the War from our own point of view. The other day I was on the front seat of a 'bus and got into conversation with the driver. He was full of the War, and I was most sympathetic, for I thought from his manner that he must have lost a son or a brother at "the front." "Ah!" he said, "it's a terrible war. The losses have been awful. There's a many gone out there that will never come back. Who knows if I shall ever see my poor old 'bus'-orses again!"

When Ada Isaacs Menken was playing Mazeppa, years ago, it was said that a stage-carpenetrer used to bang a 'bus-door every night as the cue for the fiery, untamed steed of the Ukraine to burst upon the stage. I am now told that, when General French gives the word to charge, the troopers mounted on the omnibus-chargers go into battle with the war-cry "'Igher up! Benk! Benk!" upon their lips. Thus does history repeat itself.

Personally, the Chinese style of playgoing does not appeal to me. Mr. Benson is opening up a dreadful prospect for London by starting a play in the afternoon, and finishing it, with a merciful interval for refreshments, at night. I have a great respect for Mr. Benson, dating from the days when he ran the Three Miles for Oxford; but all of us have not his powers of endurance.

If his method prevails, the Charing Cross Hospital will have to set aside a Dramatic Ward, in which on first-nights will be ranged rows of little white beds, labelled "J. K.," "W. A.," "M. W.," "W. D. A.," "J. Li.," and so on. Then, during the interval, the dramatic critics will be laid out to rest, and fed by pretty nurses with spoonfuls of beef-tea until the time comes to send them back to the theatre in ambulances. But who will look after "The Man in the Street"?

"BONNIE DUNDEE," AT THE ADELPHI.

O last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign.

PERHAPS one cannot accept as correct Pitcairne's lines, as translated by Dryden, concerning John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee—otherwise "Bloody Clavverse," "Bonnie Dundee," or "Ian Dhu nan Cath" ("Black John of the Battle"); but the victor of the Battle of Killiecrankie certainly is one of the most heroic and interesting figures in the seventeenth century. Therefore, it is not surprising that a talented, ambitious young dramatist such as Mr. Laurence Irving should have chosen him as hero for a romantic historical drama at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday. "Bonnie Dundee" is rich in dramatic scenes and vivid episodes, and when sharp cutting has been done and closer acting is given the result should be a remarkably thrilling play, distinguished, too, by a performance of admirable quality. The first scene in the eventful history shows the wedding-day of Dundee and Lady Jean Cochrane, who had been promised as bride to Lord Ochiltree, an emissary of William of Orange. Ochiltree was bitterly grieved at the loss of his bride, and promptly determined to ruin Claverhouse, his rival in love and enemy in politics. The result was that when Claverhouse came out of the church-door he found himself surrounded by a formidable body of enemies; but the terror of his name, his fearful reputation as "Bloody Clavverse," and the legends of his invulnerability through the protection of Satan, enabled him to pass unscathed through the crowd, and hasten at the bidding of King James II. to London to aid the monarch whose seat upon the throne was threatened by the invasion of William of Orange. He had to leave the bride at the church-door; and brides who "get left" are apt to resent their fate. Consequently, it was the less difficult for Ochiltree, an unscrupulous ruffian, to practise on the bride, and fortune assisted him in his plotting. At last came the Battle of Killiecrankie, in which the strategical skill of Claverhouse and ferocious courage of the Highlanders enabled him to win a brilliant battle, all fruits of which were lost because he himself was killed.

"Bonnie Dundee" is one of the most beautifully mounted plays that I can recollect—not because it has the extravagant luxury of some pieces, but because the costumes are rich in colour and exquisitely used, because the scenery is admirably painted, and large bodies of men are handled with picturesque effect. Mr. Taber's acting in the name-part is altogether enjoyable, since he is manly in style, capable of taking and holding the stage without theatricality, and displays in the scenes of emotion a perfect sincerity and tenderness. It would be difficult to overpraise the acting of Miss Lena Ashwell as Lady Jean, and the contrast between her acting and that of Miss Suzanne Sheldon as Anna la Riva made the American lady's really powerful work seem a little strained and indisciplined. A child actress, Miss Rosalie Jacobi, gave a remarkably talented performance as the son of John Brown. Mr. Fulton's Ochiltree is undoubtedly a strong piece of acting, but Mr. Mackintosh's impressive King James was too slow in delivery.

E. F. S.

"SKETCH" SNAPSHOT AT KINGSCLEARE.



M. BLANC, WHO BOUGHT FLYING FOX FOR 37,500 GUINEAS.

THE EIGHTH DIVISION AND ITS COMMANDER.

THE praiseworthy activity which the War Office has lately displayed in despatching troops to "the front" shows no sign of slackening. In fact, rather the reverse seems to be the case, and, now that we are fairly "in the swing," the weekly transport from England to the Cape of considerable bodies of men proceeds more

The officer who has been appointed to the command of this Division is Lieutenant-General Sir Henry M. L. Rundle, K.C.B., D.S.O. He is well known for his distinguished services in connection with the organisation of the Egyptian Army, of which he was at one time Adjutant-General. Out of the total of twenty-four years that he has spent in the Army, he has passed nearly sixteen in the Land of the Pharaohs. He has no less than six distinct campaigns to his credit in Egypt and the Soudan. In the



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN DENTON PINKSTONE FRENCH, THE GALLANT RELIEVER OF KIMBERLEY. HE HAS SINCE BEEN "SCOURING THE COUNTRY TOWARDS BLOEMFONTEIN AND SCATTERING THE BOERS IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.

smoothly than ever. Thus, between last Friday and to-day some fourteen vessels (conveying nearly fourteen thousand officers and men) have left London and Southampton for Cape Town. The greater portion of these troops belong to the newly mobilised Eighth Division, the Staff of which sailed from Southampton in the Union Company's Royal Mail steamer *Moor* on the 10th inst.

Dongola Campaign of 1896 he distinguished himself so conspicuously that he was specially promoted to the rank of Major-General and granted the "D.S.O." In the earlier days of his career, Sir Henry smelt a good deal of powder in South Africa, as he took part in the Zulu War of 1879 and the Transvaal Campaign that followed. During these latter hostilities he was severely wounded at Potchefstroom.

A "SKETCH" SNAPSHOT AT HURST PARK.



**COLONEL GALLWEY'S HIDDEN MYSTERY (GRAND NATIONAL FAVOURITE)
WINNING THE RICHMOND STEEPLECHASE, HURST PARK.**

This photograph shows Hidden Mystery leading at the Water Jump, with Hector second and Manifesto third.

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Ken-ington...	10 10	11 10	...
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SEASIDE FOR WEEK-END.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS from London and Suburban Stations to Brighton, Worthing, Hastings, Eastbourne, Isle of Wight, &c.

For full particulars see Time Book, or apply to the Superintendent of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge Terminus.

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<u>THE PREPARATION OF RYERSON EMBURY.</u>	<u>A. R. CARMAN.</u>	6s.

London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

EDITORS' FÊTE AT THE SAVAGE CLUB.

ONE of the most estimable and experienced chiefs of the London Press, Mr. E. E. Peacock, of the *Morning Post*, was the right man in the right place, last Saturday night, as Chairman of the dinner given by the Savage Club in honour of four new Editors of important newspapers.

The Club is very fortunate to have Mr. Peacock as Honorary Secretary, and the guests of the evening—Mr. G. Byron Curtis, Editor of the *Standard*, Mr. William Senior, Editor of the *Field*; Mr. W. J. Fisher, Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*; and Mr. J. R. Fisher, Editor of the *Northern Whig*—had good cause to be grateful to the Chairman for his just appreciation of their services to journalism and their fitness for the high offices they fill with undoubted ability.

The value of this special compliment (admirably acknowledged by each of the quartet) was enhanced by the brilliancy of the notable gathering of M.P.'s, artists, musicians, actors, and writers—Mr. Peacock being supported by such well-known doyens of the Savage Club as



Mr. Tegtmeyer, the distinguished naturalist, Mr. George Henty, the popular novelist and veteran War-Correspondent, Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, and W. M. Charles Townley. Note also the clever pictorial menu drawn as a labour of love by Mr. W. H. Pike, the excellent water-colour painter and *Daily Graphic* artist.



THE LATE MDLLE. JANE HENBIOT.

This pretty and petite blue-eyed blonde, whose sunny nature was the joy of the Comédie Française, was burnt to death, alas! in the Théâtre Français fire.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen and her Loyal Londoners.

It may be safely asserted that never during the last sixty years has our beloved Sovereign received a more enthusiastic welcome than that which was accorded to her by the good people of London on Thursday last, March 8. The nation, as a whole, was deeply touched by the Queen's unselfishness in abandoning her proposed holiday at Bordighera in order that she may remain at home to share both the anxieties and triumphs of her subjects; and eminently characteristic of the Sovereign was the simple phrase in which she made it known that "Her Majesty feels unwilling to be abroad at this time." The Royal decision seems to have been taken very quickly, for up to the previous Saturday all arrangements for the Royal journey were still in active preparation.

When the Queen is staying in town, the Royal Mews suddenly acquire a very great importance, and it says much for those who have charge of all the arrangements that no accident has ever yet befallen the Royal

equipage, though it would be difficult to imagine more widely different routes than that which has to be taken by Her Majesty's horses when the Court is in London and that which is traversed by them daily at Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral. The Buckingham Palace stables were built when George the Fourth was King, but, twenty years later, when the Queen and Prince Albert made all kinds of changes of importance to the Palace, the Mews were also partially rebuilt. In the fine set of coach-houses are kept innumerable equipages, including the old State Carriage. The last time the old State Carriage was used was on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York. It may be doubted whether this Cinderella Coach will ever be seen in the streets of London again. Its weight is four tons, it cost nearly £8000, and was designed a hundred and fifty years ago. It was in the old State Carriage that Her Majesty rode to the Coronation.

Of course, Semi-State Carriages are constantly used by the Royal Family, and they greatly added to the splendour and also to the comfort



THE QUEEN LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR A DRIVE.

traverse the road from Paddington to the Palace several times in order that the horses may get thoroughly accustomed to the change of scene.

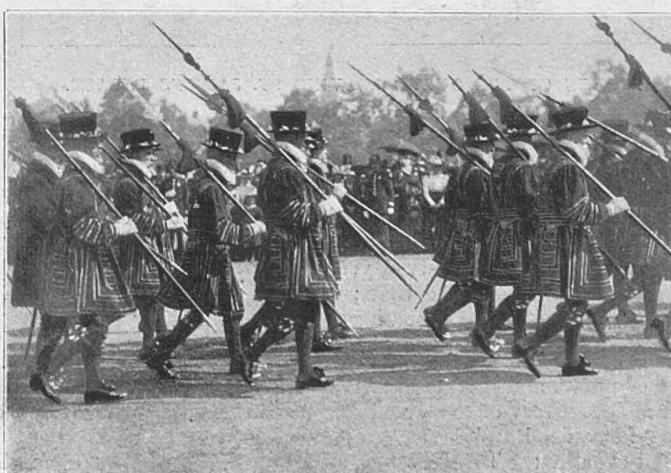
The Queen and her Loyal Irish. The news that the Sovereign hopes to pay Ireland a visit during April has evoked extraordinary enthusiasm all over the lovely Green Isle. Erin has always been celebrated for her fair daughters and her brave sons, and it is to the latter that the country now owes the signal honour in store for her. Close on forty years have sped by since Her Majesty was last in Ireland. It was there, in the summer of 1861, that the Prince Consort celebrated his last birthday on earth, and I have good authority for saying that one reason why the Queen has always shrunk from returning there was owing to the fact that her last memories of the island were so closely bound up with the most tragic year of her life.

The visit of the Queen to London was, I am informed on excellent

authority, greatly influenced by the representations of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness pointed out to his august mother that the War had had a disastrous effect on the trade of London, and that a bad Season was anticipated; and he, therefore, suggested that an early visit of the Sovereign to Buckingham Palace would have a beneficial effect on the prosperity of the Metropolis. It is by these spontaneous acts of kindness that the Heir-Apparent has so endeared himself to the people. A dead Season affects not only hotel-keepers, theatrical managers, and tradesmen, but thousands of work-people, male and female. Thanks, then, be given to Her Majesty and H.R.H.

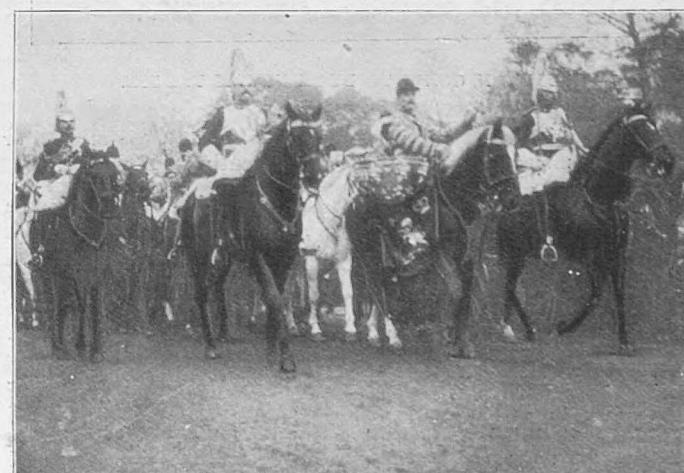
The Queen and her Subjects.

It was in the columns of *The Sketch* that the first doubt appeared with regard to the Queen's visit to the Riviera. I then pointed out that Her Majesty was most unwilling to leave England for the Continent while the war in South Africa still raged, and asserted that she would not cross the Channel save by the advice of her physicians. *The Sketch* also stated,



YEOMEN OF THE GUARD GOING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

of the Jubilee Procession, for they are all hung by straps on C-springs, and are as thoroughly adapted to the purpose for which they were designed as they well can be. On an occasion like that of the Queen's late visit to town, the Royal equipages used by her are sent from Windsor a few days before the arrival of the Court at Buckingham Palace, and



THE LIFE GUARDS BAND ON THE WAY TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

contrary to the views expounded by other newspapers, that the Queen would not under any circumstances travel to Bordighera via France. It is now my pleasant duty to reiterate that the reason why Her Majesty has foregone her holiday is because she has stuck to her first patriotic intention, namely, not to quit the State at a grave juncture. No

monarch has such loyal adherents as the Queen-Empress, but only a tithe of them know the devoted affection which she bestows on her subjects in all lands. It is a fact that, only a few days ago, the Queen had a list made out of all the Colonial troops, and that, when she heard of the death-roll of the Inniskillings, Her Majesty broke down and wept. But, withal, she is a British Queen, and holds the welfare of the Empire before anything foreign or unclean.

The Princess's Two Drawing-Rooms. Of all the duties appertaining to her position as wife of the Heir-Apparent, there is none which shows the Princess of Wales to greater advantage than that of holding a Drawing-Room. The task—for, of course, it is in a very real sense a task—is one not wholly enjoyed by any member of the Royal Family; but the Princess is, with the exception of the Sovereign herself, the only Royal lady who always appears to enjoy her share of the pageant. It has sometimes been whispered that, if Her Royal Highness could have her way, Drawing-Rooms would be held, as they are in every other Court in Europe—and even, indeed, in Dublin—in the evening. Further, it is believed that both the Prince and Princess of Wales would like to see a certain amount of informality introduced into this stately function. Even at the Hofburg and at the Winter Palace, and, of course, in a greater measure at the Quirinal, much is done to

In the Mall on Drawing-Room Days.

Those who either cannot, or will not, or do not care to attend a Drawing-Room can find plenty of interest, and even amusement, in the Mall—indeed, on a fine day the scene outside the Palace is, in its way, quite as varied and brilliant as that inside. Sometimes quite early in the morning, but on such occasions as those of this week rarely before one o'clock, the long line of smart carriages makes its appearance, and often a great deal of animated conversation goes on between the occupants of these splendid vehicles and the pedestrians, for of late the fine wide space between St. James's Palace and the railings of St. James's Park has become on Drawing-Room days quite a fashionable promenade.

The Prince and Princess of Wales generally drive the short distance together, receiving a most enthusiastic ovation, and during the last few years the crowd has also had the pleasure of seeing the Duke and Duchess of York taking the same route. Sometimes Prince Edward of York and his little brother and sister come out to see the fun, and they are also sure of an exceptionally affectionate and loyal demonstration, the more so that Prince Edward, who already takes life quite seriously, is most scrupulous in acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd, saluting and bowing with the greatest energy.

"THE SKETCH" ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM SNAPSHOTS.



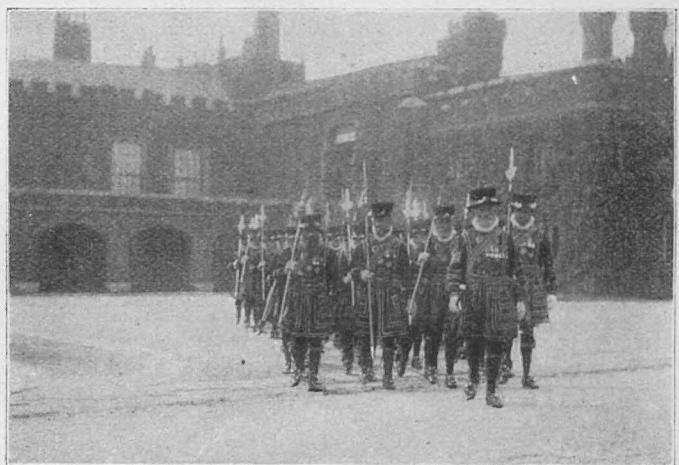
THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S CARRIAGE.



WAITING IN THE MALL.



MARSHALMEN GOING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



YEOMEN OF THE GUARD LEAVING ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

soften the extreme formality of a presentation, and the Empress or Queen, as the case may be, converses not infrequently with her guests.

The various rules and regulations laid down concerning Drawing-Room dress have been very little altered during our Queen's reign. The length of the train, the cut of the bodice, the number of the feathers worn, the colour of the latter and of the gloves, are all strictly regulated, and it has sometimes happened that a lady not conforming to the rules has been turned back and has found herself a desolate Peri at the gate. Curiously enough, no regulation has ever been laid down as regards bouquets. Some years, huge nosegays are carried; then, for a Season or two, a little bunch of rare exotics is considered "the thing." Many women make a rule not to carry flowers at all. Only very lately has permission been given for a square or undécolleté bodice, and special permission has to be asked and obtained, the application to be accompanied by a doctor's certificate stating that a Court-bodice is dangerous to the wearer's health. On the other hand, once the permission is granted, it is accorded for life. Although this alteration in the Draconian laws which regulate these matters was the result of years of agitation, very few women care to avail themselves of the privilege. One of the first to do so was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and, when one considers the weather we have been lately enjoying, her example might well be followed this week by many delicate girls and by all elderly women.

The Prince of Wales and the Freemasons.

Last week the Prince of Wales, pre-eminent as a British Freemason, was unanimously elected Most Worshipful Grand Master. Probably few people are aware of the very great interest taken by His Royal Highness in that ancient Craft. The Prince has now been a Freemason exactly thirty-two years, but he was not elected Grand Master of England for some time; in fact, not till the Marquis of Ripon resigned that position on becoming a Roman Catholic.

As all the world knows, the Craft is extraordinarily generous in the matter of public and private charity. Indeed, the largest amount ever raised in the history of the world at a festival dinner was at the Jubilee of the Masonic Boys' Institute, two years ago, in the Albert Hall, presided over by the Prince. Several of our most distinguished officers now at "the front" are prominent Masons. Lord Roberts is Past Grand Warden. So is Lord Methuen. Lord Kitchener is Past Grand Warden and District Grand Master of Egypt and the Soudan. Sir Charles Warren is Past District Grand Master of the Eastern Archipelago. The Duke of Connaught takes as active an interest in Freemasonry as does his eldest brother. Bro. McLeod, the devoted Secretary of the Boys' Institute, is delighted at having secured the Duke to lay the foundation-stone of the new schools at Bushey in May, and to preside over the Brighton banquet in June.

*Major T. M. M.
Berkeley.*

The Royal Highlanders (better known perhaps as "The Black Watch") is one of the most distinguished of the many distinguished regiments at "the front." In virtue of its prowess on many a hard-fought field, its colours have emblazoned upon them the names of no less than twenty-two battles and campaigns. When the present South African War is over, the Black Watch will be credited with yet another "honour," for the 2nd Battalion of this fine regiment has borne a conspicuous part in nearly all the fighting that has, so far, taken place on the Western Border. The price that it has paid for this, however, has been a sadly heavy one, for the number of its officers and men who have fallen in the discharge of their duty is very large. This also is the case with the number of those who have been wounded, in particular during the recent operations at Paardeberg. One of these, Major T. M. M. Berkeley (whose photograph is given) had only just recovered from a wound received by him at Magersfontein on Dec. 12 of last year. Evidently the military axiom that "a man is never hit twice in the same campaign" is an incorrect one. Major Berkeley has completed



MAJOR BERKELEY, 2ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS, WOUNDED AT PAARDEBERG.

Photo by Bennett and Sons, Worcester.

twenty years' service in his regiment, and wears the medal and star that was granted to all who went through the Nile Expedition of 1884-85.

A New Lord-Lieutenant.

Lord Egerton of Tatton, who has just been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Cheshire, in succession to the late Duke of Westminster, is, from many points of view, one of the most interesting and remarkable members of the House of Lords, and this although his personality is comparatively little known to the ordinary public. The new Lord-Lieutenant of Cheshire comes of one of the oldest families in the county; indeed, it is said that for over a hundred and fifty years one of the Egertons has always been County Member. Though devoted to country life, and one of the few gentlemen-farmers who have successfully overcome the bogey of agricultural depression, Lord Egerton is a man of extraordinarily wide interests; for example, he is a great authority on Indian and Oriental armour. As a young man, he travelled well and wisely, both in the Near and in the Far East, and the India Office published his "Illustrated Handbook of Indian Arms." He is an authority on greenhouse gardening, and at Tatton is the happy owner of a quarter-of-a-mile of conservatories. Like so many of our great Tory squires, Lord Tatton is wonderfully generous and liberal in the matter of letting his less fortunate neighbours share in the practical results of his great wealth, and during the summer-time beautiful Tatton Park is, on high days and holidays, thrown open to those inhabitants of the Black Country who care to venture so far afield as Knutsford in search of pure air and lovely scenery.

A Duchess as Poet. Lord Egerton, who is, by the way, the first Earl of his line, has been twice married. His first wife, Lady Mary Amherst, was the mother of his only child, a daughter, the present Countess of Albemarle. Six years ago he married as his second wife the widow of the last Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, a beautiful and gifted woman who shares many of his interests and hobbies. Her Grace, who has preferred to retain her old title, has just published a very spirited war-song, entitled "Brothers in Arms," which is likely to become very popular, the more so as it can be sung to the tune of "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

"Chicago" Smith and his Legatees. George Smith, the millionaire to whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer made reference in his Budget speech, as "a foreigner who lived on fifteen shillings a-day in a West-End Club," was an Aberdeenshire man by birth, and, though he amassed his great wealth in America, he never became a citizen of the Western Republic. The two chief legatees of "Chicago" Smith, as he came to be called—his death recently, in his ninety-third year, at the Reform Club, where he had lived for many years, will be fresh in the minds of readers of *The Sketch*—are James Henry Smith, New York (son of a cousin), and George Alexander Cooper, Elgin (who married a niece). They are also trustees of the late millionaire's estate, and have come into a fortune of between four and five million each. The American *bénéficiaire* is a bachelor, a Society man, and an enthusiastic yachtsman. Mr. Cooper, who has relinquished his profession as a solicitor in Elgin, and taken up his residence in Prince's Gardens, in the Metropolis, has generously insured the life of each of the Volunteer members of the Morayshire Company of Seaforth Highlanders now at "the front" for £100.

What the War Costs Us.

Everybody has to pay part of the bill. Even the tea-drinker, who neither smokes nor takes a dram nor pays income-tax, is called upon for her mite. The bill is expected to amount to at least sixty millions, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to borrow most of the money until he sees what he can extract from the gold-mines of the Transvaal, but meantime he wants twelve millions from the British taxpayer.

Shilling Income-Tax.

Incomes are hit hardest by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the tax upon them being raised from eightpence to one shilling. Tea-drinkers will have to take a weaker cup or pay twopence per pound more than formerly; tobacco is up fourpence a pound, beer one shilling per barrel, and spirits sixpence per gallon. The distillers, the brewers, and the tobacconists have been puzzled how to adjust the prices, but they may be relied upon to bring the Budget home to the customer either by charging him more or by giving him less. There has been extraordinary unanimity on the part of the Commons to make the mine-owners of the Transvaal pay at least half of the bill. Nothing is said of the Boer farmer, although he is not quite forgotten. Some of the millionaires have been boasting of what their companies would gain by British sovereignty, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is as keen as Mr. Tim Healy to appropriate a share of the profits. But will he then pay back the taxpayers?

The "In" and the "Out."

It is amusing to hear the compliments which pass between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his predecessor. The former congratulates Sir William Harcourt on the Death Duties, and the ex-Chancellor congratulates Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on his financial virtue. If it were not for Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles, Sir Michael might be spoiled by too much praise. Fortunately, Mr. Bowles's tongue cannot be turned to flattery! Some of the Liberals were horrified to hear Sir William Harcourt saying he hoped the present Chancellor of the Exchequer might long remain in office. Pleasantries of this sort may be all very well for a statesman whose object is to keep his former chief out of Downing Street; but they can scarcely be appreciated by politicians who think of the party first and of persons afterwards. Both the "in" and the "out" Chancellors were at their best in the recent discussions. Sir Michael's style, although severe, is perfectly lucid; he obtains a firm grip of his facts and his arguments; and, by knowing when to yield and when to stand firm, he gets on well with the House. As for Sir William Harcourt, his banter lately has shown that his tongue is as keen as ever.

A Tape Coincidence.

A good deal of prominence has been given in the papers to the fact that Lord Brampton was studying the tape-machine in the Prince's Chamber of the House of Lords at the exact moment that it clicked out the result of one of the rounds of the Waterloo Purse—"Backslider beat Judge Hawkins." An even more dramatic coincidence, however, occurred on the following afternoon, when the Earl of Kintore attended the Commission which was held in the Upper House. Before taking his seat on the woolsack, his lordship happened to glance at the tape, which at that very moment was recording the death of Lieutenant V. F. A. Keith-Falconer, of the 2nd Somersetshire Light Infantry, the second near relative which the holder of this ancient earldom has lost during the present war. Lord Kintore, it may not be generally remembered, was Governor and Commander-in-Chief of South Australia in 1889.

Captain A. G. Dallas, who was seriously wounded in the knee at Vanders Spruit, is Brigade-Major on the Staff of General Hart, V.C., and has seen a considerable amount of service on the Indian Frontier. He served with the Tochi Expeditionary Force, also throughout the Tirah Campaign, for which he received the medal with two clasps and was mentioned in despatches. He was at one time A.D.C. to the late General Sir Penn Symons.

The miners of Niddrie, a Midlothian village near which is situated the ancestral home of the Wauchopes, have met with a hearty response from all quarters to their proposal to commemorate their late neighbour, General Wauchope, the lamented chief of the Highland Brigade. The Liberton School Board, on which Mrs. Wauchope cordially assented, on request, to serve in place of her late husband, has granted an appropriate site on an ornamental plot of ground fronting Niddrie Mill School for the proposed memorial. Subscriptions are being received from all parts of the country, and the miners' committee recommend the erection of a Highland cairn, surmounted by a Celtic cross—a fit symbol to commemorate the fame of a good and courageous soldier.



CAPTAIN A. G. DALLAS, BRIGADE-MAJOR ON STAFF OF GENERAL HART, V.C.

Photo by Williams, Molsey.

Mr. Frederic Cowen.

The event of the month in the musical world is undoubtedly the *rentrée* of Mr. Frederic Cowen as the permanent conductor of the London Philharmonic Society, which took place at Queen's Hall on Thursday evening, March 8, on the occasion of the opening concert for the current season. Mr. Cowen occupies so high a place in the English musical world, and has such a huge popular following both as composer and conductor, that more than ordinary interest attaches to the event. Mr. Cowen is a Colonial by birth, having been born in Kingston, Jamaica. He was brought to this country when only four years old, his father having been appointed as treasurer to the Royal Italian Opera, at Covent Garden. As a child, he was surrounded by musical people and by the atmosphere of the operatic stage at its best, therefore it is not surprising that from his earliest years the boy showed a marked tendency towards musical composition. At six he published his first composition—a waltz, which appeared in 1858—and since then some two hundred and fifty songs, and endless other works in the form of oratorios,



MR. FREDERIC COWEN.

The popular composer and distinguished musician who has just been appointed permanent conductor of the London Philharmonic Society. Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

cantatas, symphonies, and so forth, have come from his pen. His first musical friend was Mr. Henry Russell, the composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," who is still hale and hearty at the age of eighty-seven. In his eighth year, young Cowen took up the study of music in good earnest, and became a pupil of Goss for harmony and composition, and of Benedict for the pianoforte. At fourteen he was sent to Leipzig, where he became the youngest pupil at the Conservatorium, and joined in the worship of Schumann, who was then the lion of the musical world in Germany. On returning to England, soon after he was sixteen, Cowen's first symphony was produced at St. James's Hall.

A Master of Melody.

The following three years the young musician devoted himself seriously to composition, among other works produced at this period being his cantata, "The Rose Maiden." Mr. Cowen was one of the talented band of young composers who, encouraged by the late Mr. Carl Rosa, added fresh lustre to the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which performed Cowen's "Pauline" with memorable brilliancy in 1876. His first real appointment as conductor was under the estimable Brothers Gatti at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts of 1880, and this and subsequent efforts brought him into such notice that a few years later—in 1888, to be exact—when Sir Arthur Sullivan resigned the conductorship of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Cowen was appointed as his successor. In the same year, Mr. Cowen went to Australia as the Musical Director of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition, his fee for the six months the engagement lasted being no less than £5000 (which is asserted to be the highest fee ever paid for services of this kind). In 1896, Mr. Cowen was appointed as Sir Charles Hallé's successor in the direction of the famous Hallé Concerts at Manchester, a position he filled with conspicuous success until last year. He is still the director of three societies in Bradford—the Bradford Permanent Orchestra, the Bradford Festival Choral Society, and the Bradford Saturday Concerts—and he is also the permanent director of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, another great association which stands very high in the estimation of the musical world. He has now returned to his old post as the permanent director of the London Philharmonic Society—a body which stands in the very front rank of the musical societies of the world, and which has numbered among its conductors such men as Mendelssohn, Wagner, and Berlioz. The post is one which any musician would be proud to occupy, and it is safe to predict that, under Mr. Cowen's baton, the Philharmonic Society has entered upon another series of brilliantly successful years. Mr. Cowen is forty-eight, and is unmarried.

Mr. Santley. Born in Liverpool in 1834, Mr. Santley still possesses all the qualifications of a great singer. In oratorio he has no rival, and he has ever been one of our most popular concert vocalists. His triumphs in opera have made him famous throughout Europe. He was the original Danny Mann in Benedict's "Lily of Killarney," and the original Flying Dutchman when Wagner's opera was produced by Carl Rosa in 1871.

His Popularity.

A great favourite in Society, Mr. Santley has his graver moods, when he gives himself up to almost monastic seclusion. He is a devout Catholic, and has given thousands to his church. At special festivals he occasionally takes part in the musical services. Simply following out his ideas of duty and faith, there is nothing of the ascetic in his nature. He revels in the pleasures of home life, and nothing pleases him better than a good tramp in the open air. I often meet him miles away from his residence, in Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood. I knew Mr. Santley when he sang in oratorio under Mr. Hullah, something like thirty years ago. He was a first-rate artist then, and he is so still, having studied in the good old Italian school before the craze for shouting and screaming came into vogue. The work he has published on singing should be in the hands of all young vocalists. He is greatly beloved by his pupils, owing to his patience, good-temper, and genial humour, for the great baritone can be as merry as a schoolboy when he pleases. Needless to say, his circle of friends is very large, and includes Royal and aristocratic personages, scientific men, travellers, military celebrities, and, of course, a great many members of his own profession.

A Lady Concert Agent.

The late Sir Augustus Harris had for some time a wonderfully good amanuensis in Miss Alice E. Joseph. This lady's personal acquaintance with operatic, dramatic, and concert-room "stars" being exceptionally extensive, and her knowledge having been increased by her secretarial experience under the Mayer and Adlington Concert Direction, I have no doubt Miss Joseph will be successful in the Concert and Opera Agency she has just opened at 7A, Hanover Street, Regent Street.

Reverting once again to the topic of the hour, the visit of the Queen to Ireland is entirely due to Her Majesty's own initiative. Almost directly after the news was received of the gallantry of the Inniskillings and their severe losses, the Lord-Lieutenant and Mr. Gerald Balfour were invited by Lord Salisbury to give their opinions as to the advisability of the Sovereign crossing St. George's Channel. In both cases the answers were most favourable. With regard to the "wearing of the green," the leave to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day was, I believe, first suggested by Princess Henry of Battenberg, as "a compliment to Lord Roberts." Then the Queen developed and extended the idea in the happy way in which it has been gazetted. Let us all, the wide world over, wear shamrocks on St. Patrick's Day.

Newsvendors' Institution.

The funds of the Newsvendors' Institution are likely to be enriched considerably by the annual festival on May 22 at the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole. The energetic founder of the forthcoming new London morning paper—the *Daily Express*—Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, is to preside, and he is to be supported by many personages of "light and leading," including the Chinese Minister, Sir Charles Dilke, the Hon. W. F. D. and Lady Esther Smith, and Miss Marie Corelli.



MR. CHARLES SANTLEY, THE EMINENT BARITONE VOCALIST, WHO ATTAINED HIS 66TH BIRTHDAY ON FEB. 28.

Photo by Barraud, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

*The late
Sir Charles Hall.*

The City of London and legal circles may well mourn the loss of Sir Charles Hall, M.P., whose grave illness terminated fatally on March 9. He was one of the most courteous and genial of men, and, as such, was ever a welcome guest in any company. Second son of the late Vice-Chancellor



THE LATE SIR CHARLES HALL.
K.C.M.G., P.C., M.P., RECORDER OF LONDON.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

The City Corporation has now set the nation a fresh example of noble giving by subscribing five hundred guineas to the Indian Famine Fund and a hundred guineas to the National Rifle Association—more power to it! The Corporation, by the way, had no stancher friend or adherent than the late Mr. Bedford, whose name was inalienably associated with the preservation of Epping Forest as a recreation-place for the people of London. His humorous "Waiter" articles in *Punch* oft set the table in a roar. Alas, poor Robert!

Niagara in Winter. The Niagara winter-scene of this year (pictured on Page 334) has been of marvellous beauty. The ice-bridge formed in the gorge some days earlier than usual, and a period of severe cold weather fastened it tightly between the shores of the Dominion and the United States, thus making another tie in the Anglo-Saxon union. This year's ice-bridge has not been marked by the extreme roughness of the bridges of former years, and it was a much easier task to cross it. A path was soon broken, and the tide of humanity streamed from shore to shore on this structure formed by Nature. Along the path a half-dozen shanties, or bazaars, were constructed, and in these rude buildings souvenirs of the Niagara winter festival were on sale. One of the views presented to-day shows the Niagara ice-bridge as seen from the brink of the Horseshoe Fall, a most unusual point of view, by the way, but on the day the picture was taken the ice made it possible to reach the very brink. The woods of Goat Island, clad in their winter dress, presented a charmingly picturesque scene. The trees appeared as though hewn from purest marble, so pure and white were they in their icy covering. Luna Island is always pretty, but never so beautiful as when the trees are weighted down, almost to breaking, by the gathered spray. Truly it is a wonderful scene, and one never forgotten by those so fortunate as to view it in all its sublimity and rare beauty. Here and there about the island of the New York Reservation, trees, bushes, and shrubs may be seen weighted down—broken down, in fact—by the ice that has gathered as a result of the falling spray, but this wreck adds to the extreme beauty of the locality of the Falls.

*A Notable
Nonagenarian.*

On Saturday of this week Manuel Garcia—a name not unfamiliar to readers of *The Sketch*—will celebrate his ninety-fifth birthday. The attainment of such an anniversary is itself a rare occurrence, but in the case of Dr. Garcia it is almost unparalleled, as the venerable patriarch of song happily retains all his faculties, and is able to follow during a portion of every day his lifelong vocation. Dr. Manuel Garcia is, by the way, the inventor of the laryngoscope. It is sixty years since he published his first book, "Ecole de Chant," and his latest work, "Hints on Singing," he gave to the world when he was nearing his ninetieth birthday. *The Sketch* felicitates the aged vocalist.

*The Famous
"Inniskillings."* The attachment of Tommy to the old number and name of his regiment is well known, and is now—nearly twenty years after the introduction of the Territorial system—as strong as ever. Thus, writing to a contemporary in reference to the heavy losses sustained by the Inniskilling Fusiliers in the fighting prior to the relief of Ladysmith, a "late 27th Inniskilling" man points out that the regiment has had a somewhat similar experience on at least one previous occasion, for whereas the Fusiliers' roll-call after the recent fight was answered by one officer and sixty men, after the Battle of Waterloo the regiment—or the remnant of it—was led off

the field by a non-commissioned officer, having lost "all its officers and an enormous proportion of men." He concludes, "The regiment was known at Waterloo as the 27th Inniskillings, and as such we like to think of it still." Perhaps another little item may be mentioned here. The first "honour" the Inniskillings bear on their colours is "St. Lucia," for their services in its capture in 1778. In 1796, under Abercromby, the 27th again assisted in taking St. Lucia, and, in recognition of the gallantry of the regiment, it was ordered that the French should "lay down their arms to the 27th," and that the King's Colour of the Inniskillings should fly from the Citadel for one hour before the Union Jack was hoisted in its place.

*"The Royal
Canadians."*

At last something definite has been done towards repatriating the old 100th (Prince of Wales's Royal Canadian) Regiment—raised in Canada in 1858—for the Dominion Government has passed an Order-in-Council, to be forwarded to the Colonial Secretary for the approval of the Home Government, asking that the dépôt of the regiment be transferred to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and that one battalion be stationed in Canada, and the other in Great Britain, or elsewhere in the Empire, each battalion to serve abroad in turn. The great obstacle to the scheme in the past has been the difficulty—pointed out in *The Sketch* a year or two back—of obtaining Colonial recruits at Imperial rates of pay; but recent events, in the opinion of the Canadian authorities, have removed this difficulty. All officers are to be Canadians from the Kingston Military College or from the Militia of the Dominion; and the uniform is to be faced with Royal-blue—as at present—with blue shoulder-straps, edged with white, and embroidered with the title of the regiment and the maple-leaf—the emblem of Canada. All distinctive mottoes and emblems borne by the old 100th are to be retained. The proposal is nothing if not thorough, for the non-commissioned officers and men now serving in the Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians) are to be drafted to other corps, with the exception of a hundred or so to act as drill-instructors, &c.

*Théâtre Français
Burnt.*

It may surprise fanciful Frenchmen who regard this island, at the present moment in particular, as perfide Albion, to know that many Englishmen heard with profound regret of the destruction by fire of the Théâtre Français on Thursday last. In this hour of their deplorable misfortune, the members of the Comédie Française may perchance recall with a spark of gratitude the time when, at the close of the Franco-German War, London was enabled, through the kindly medium of Mr. John Hollingshead, to offer hospitality and not illiberal support to the foremost school of actors in France. Be that as it may, Londoners innumerable feel keenest sympathy with "the Gay City" and with the sufferers by the burning of this historic dramatic temple, attended by the lamentably sad death of Mdlle. Henriot. Had the fire broken out "an hour later" (Mrs. Crawford remarked in her readable letter to the *Daily News*), "there would have been another catastrophe like that of the Paris Opéra-Comique, or the Vienna Ring Theatre, or the Charity Bazaar." For the disastrous fire was discovered only a few minutes before the commencement of the matinée of "Bajazet." Had it broken out during the performance, the loss of life would have been terrible. It is to be hoped the lesson of this mournful conflagration will not be lost upon Managers and local authorities in other capitals, including London, where the public safety in case of fire is to this day neglected in the most modern playhouses almost as much as it was in the old theatres. The picture of poor, charred Mdlle. Henriot, tenderly borne by the firemen (an honour to every city) into the chemist's shop in the Place du Théâtre Français, where



THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, UNFORTUNATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE ON MARCH 8.
A WARNING TO LONDON THEATRE MANAGERS TO SAFEGUARD THEIR THEATRES.
View from Hachette's "Paris-Diamant" Guide.

the lady was recognised by the grief-stricken mother, abides in the memory as the most distressing feature of this holocaust, which I implore British Managers to take earnest heed of. Put your houses in order, Messieurs, ere a catastrophe over here fills this Metropolis with horror and lamentations.

Alice Holbrook. Alice Holbrook (whose portrait is given herewith, in the rôle of Juanita, in Burnand and Sullivan's comic opera, "The Chieftain") is an accomplished singer and comédienne who has made friends with the theatre-going public of four continents. Born at Cape Town, South Africa, she passed her childhood in Kimberley, and as a young girl she was sent to England, where her



MISS ALICE HOLBROOK (SISTER OF MRS. BARNEY BARNATO), AS JUANITA IN "THE CHIEFTAIN."

This popular and charming actress will shortly visit England. Photo by Schloss, New York.

musical talents were developed in a convent-school near London. Miss Holbrook's eldest sister is Mrs. Barney-Barnato, widow of the late "Kaffir King." Another sister is the wife of Colonel "Bob" Finlayson, of the Kimberley Rifles. Returning to South Africa, Miss Holbrook made her theatrical débüt in Johannesburg, joining an opera company, that "trekked" across the veldt in the days before the railroad was built. At present, she is playing Mataya, in "Wang," the piece in which De Wolf Hopper laid the foundation of his now enormous vogue.

The Author of "Bonnie Dundee." Mr. Laurence Irving is a man to be reckoned with in the future of the English drama. Indeed, if the proverb that "coming events cast their shadows before" may be taken as an augury in his case, his position at the head of the first theatre in London would seem to be preordained, for, in the enforced absence through illness of Sir Henry during the run of "Peter the Great," he acted the leading part in that drama. London was thus treated to the unique spectacle of a young man well under thirty acting the leading part in his own play on the stage of the first English-speaking theatre in the world, and those who saw the performance declared that, while it differed in many respects from Sir Henry's own brilliant achievement, it was marked by intense originality, great power, a strong sense of character, and evidence of great acting ability. I give his portrait with pleasure.

Sir Henry's Opinion.

The fact is worth considering, in the light of the story, which has gone the round of theatrical circles, that, many years ago, Sir Henry, while discussing the talents of his two sons, declared that he had a son who had all the qualifications for the making of an actor, and yet would go to the Bar, while his other son, who did not possess these qualifications, insisted on going on the stage. Since those days, Mr. Laurence Irving, having won his spurs elsewhere, has contributed at least four plays to the Lyceum répertoire—"Godefroi and Yolande," "Peter the Great," and adaptations of "Robespierre" and a Christmas play only acted in America—and is now a regularly enrolled and prominent member of the company, for, though he acted only a small part in his translation of M. Sardou's "Robespierre," he has been playing Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice," and other important parts in the Lyceum répertoire, in America. Curiously enough, the name of Irving has proved no "open sesame" to reveal to his gaze the jewels of popular esteem and the golden commendation of his fellows hidden in the cave theatrical by the managers, who may for the purpose of this simile be likened to the

Captain of the Forty Thieves. When his romantic play, "Godefroi and Yolande," was finished, he sent it to nearly every actress of repute in London, and some of them were so considerate of his powers that they even lost the manuscript for him. Eventually, it came into the hands of Miss Ellen Terry, who, with the insight of genius, saw the genius of the work, and at once secured it. In it she has made one of her greatest American successes, and has promised that, sooner or later, she will take an opportunity of doing it on her own account, even though it is not possible for it to be acted in the ordinary way at the Lyceum.

His Physique. Physically, Mr. Irving has been handsomely dowered by nature, for he is tall and broad, full of energy and strength, while his fine eyes, with their changing lights, show the acuteness of his sensibility. There is an undoubtedly morbid streak in his composition, and it found an unconscious expression even in the days of his early youth, for, as a boy at school, he eschewed the delights of rabbits and white mice, and kept snakes as pets, long before Madame Sarah Bernhardt made them fashionable for women and obtained a wide advertisement for her curious if temporary taste in that direction of sinuosity.

"Beautiful Bournemouth" rejoices in a popular Winter Garden, the musical director of which is Mr. Dan Godfrey junior. To him Howard Paul suggested, as a fresh attraction, "The Ladysmith Valse," the musical score of which *The Sketch* (in the Issue of Feb. 21) was the first to publish. Mr. Godfrey at once acted on the idea, and "The Ladysmith Valse" has "caught on." A hint for the *chef d'orchestre* at the Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball!

An Australian Florence Nightingale.

Although an Englishwoman by birth, Miss Julia Bligh Gould is an Australian by adoption. Finding hospital-nursing her true vocation, she underwent a lengthened course of training in England, and in 1885 found her way to Sydney, where she joined the nursing staff of the Prince Alfred Hospital, one of the finest institutions of its kind in Australia. Here she remained several years, advancing steadily in her profession. Subsequently she became attached to the nursing staff of the St. Kilda Hospital, near Melbourne, and, later on, had charge of a private hospital. She then accepted the appointment of matron of the Sydney Hospital, which post she occupied for nearly eight years, after which she became matron of an asylum at Rydalmerle, several miles out of the New South Wales metropolis. On the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, she offered her services as Nurse, her example being



MISS JULIA BLIGH GOULD, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES ARMY MEDICAL NURSING RESERVE.

Photo by Kerry and Co., Sydney.

followed by numerous other ladies, and ultimately she was appointed Superintendent of the New South Wales Army Medical Nursing Reserve, leaving Sydney, with thirteen other Sisters and Nurses, on board the steamer *Moravian*, amid one of the wildest scenes of popular enthusiasm ever witnessed in Australia.

The Sisters Sinclair.

Quite one of the best features of Mr. Peter Davey's pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," at the Royal County Theatre, Kingston-on-Thames, this season was the performance of the Misses Sinclair as the Babes. Whether singing or dancing, these clever little people quite brought the house down, and their return in next season's pantomime at Kingston will be eagerly looked for. The whole production was highly creditable to the theatre management, and I must admit that the Kingston show was as dainty and amusing as any that I visited during the winter.

Notes from Paris. A story is told in a Parisian contemporary which is guaranteed to be authentic. Lord Roberts when he was at Cape Town called an officer and asked him to undertake a certain mission. The officer replied that he would do it, and guaranteed that his report should be handed in within fifteen days. The General congratulated him, politely expressed confidence, and wished him good luck. In leaving Lord Roberts, he met Lord Kitchener, who asked him what he had been to see the Commander-in-Chief about. The officer explained. "Now," said Kitchener abruptly, "you understand me clearly. Mark my words, and mark them carefully. If that information is not in our possession in a week, I'll send you back to England." That information was there in less than the week.

As I suggested (continues *The Sketch* Paris Correspondent), before a week was out, the Parisian, having adopted Cronjé as a hero, would soon as confidently prove him a fool, useless, and despicable. To-day all the ill-success of the Boers is attributed to Cronjé. Meanwhile, the subscription for Cronjé's sword-of-honour mounts up, and some of the *noms-de-guerre* adopted by the donors are amusing. One who hands over fivepence describes himself as "A patriotic Frenchman who wishes that he may see the last Englishman strangled with the tanned entrails of the last Jew."

A young Frenchman, M. Hoveloque, who has been spending two years in Oriental countries on a travelling scholarship, has brought back to his countrymen some curious notes regarding his experiences in Java, where the manners of the Dutch Colonists are much the same as those of the Boers in Africa. Monsieur Hoveloque visited a great many countries, including British India, and he reports that he was received everywhere with courtesy except in Java, where he found great difficulty in travelling, even with a passport in each pocket. The Javanese Dutch refuse to allow strangers to circulate freely in the island. Their policy of restriction and repression for everybody but themselves extends to the poor natives, as does that of the Dutch in South Africa. They are opposed to having the natives civilised or Christianised, and they have expelled all the missionaries from the island. The Boers have pursued the same policy, and have never deviated, since the time when, a half-century ago, they sacked the Zambesi mission of the great explorer-missionary, Livingstone, and forced him and his associate missionaries to fly for refuge to the black tribes farther north. The manners of the Boers, then, are not to be laid to local exigencies; they are the manners of Dutch Colonists elsewhere.

Many amusing stories are told of the Prince de Joinville, who, as I write, is dying, and who is of peculiar interest to the English, as having been the officer who was entrusted with taking back to France the body of Napoleon from St. Helena. The early wars of the Empire brought on premature deafness, for the noise of the cursing of shot and shell was louder than in these days. On one occasion, he was invited by the Comte de Paris to visit his château at Eu, and, after a day's sport, a thorough huntsman's dinner was served. One dish was mulligatawny-soup, which is rarely served in France. The Prince seemed a little surprised at the taste. The Comte had not noticed this, and, turning to the Prince, said, "How is the Princess?" The Prince, imagining that the Comte was referring to the soup, replied, amid roars of laughter, "Oh, warm—much too warm!" He was very generous to the poor. There was an old lady, that will be remembered by older visitors to Lutetia, who used to sit in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and who attracted the attention of the charitable by exposing her two wooden legs, that were the result of the troubles of 1848. The Prince made it a point to go down once a week and give her five francs; but he came to the conclusion that he had been sold when he found that she was rich enough to give her daughter 200,000 francs as *dot* when she married, and finally retired to the country with a fortune.

Prince Henry of Orleans, in the last number of *Armée et Marine*, laments the breakdown of the plan to checkmate England in North Africa—a plan in which he confesses himself to have been personally concerned. His part was to persuade Menelik, acting in concert with France, to meet Marchand half-way at Fashoda, to prevent the building of the Cape-to-Cairo railway. Prince Henry does not need to cry on the house-tops at this date his hostility to us. He told us all about it on his road to Abyssinia, when he wrote from Egypt to the French papers a letter full of gratuitous insults to England. And yet this young man was born in England, and his family have received hospitality here for a hundred years!

Fifty years have now elapsed since the death of Balzac, and, according to French law, all laws of copyright fall in. The French Society of Dramatic Authors have, however, formally notified the theatres that they will continue to exact the 12 per cent. for their funds, and that any other theatre that mounts his works and refuses to pay this iniquitous tax will be banned. What with the 10 per cent. poor-tax and the 12 per cent. for the "Société des Auteurs Dramatiques," the managers are declaring that the running of a theatre in Paris is impossible, and it is in the bounds of possibility that on the eve of the Exhibition strange things may happen. It was one of the oldest managers in Paris that vaguely, but with a good deal of significance, suggested this to me the other night.

From an exceptionally good source, I hear that the Paris Exhibition will have a substantial influence in the history of international horse-racing. The French Jockey Club, who have restricted to about four events in the year the permission for English owners to race, will be almost done away with, and the same liberty as exists under English Jockey Club rules will be allowed to foreign stables.



THE MISSES MAUD AND MABEL SINCLAIR AS "THE BABES" IN THE SUCCESSFUL 1899-1900 PANTOMIME AT THE ROYAL COUNTY THEATRE, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

Photo by Mayall and Co., Kingston-on-Thames.

Colonel A. W. Morris.

As Assistant-Adjutant-General to Sir Charles Warren, Colonel A. W. Morris occupies a position of considerable responsibility, for he is to a great extent the medium through which the orders of that officer are transmitted to the troops forming the 5th Division of the Army Corps in South Africa. Colonel Morris left England for the Cape last November to take up this position. He has, however, had previous experience of warfare in South Africa, for he went through both the Zulu Campaign of 1879 and the Transvaal one that followed in 1881. While serving in this latter, he formed one of the little band with which the late General Colley unsuccessfully endeavoured to hold the Majuba Mountain against the Boers on that eventful February morning just nineteen years ago. In the engagement that took place on this occasion, Colonel Morris was severely wounded.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Sinclair, R.E.

The number of clergymen's sons who are at the present moment serving in South Africa must be a fairly large one, for clerical families have always contributed strong contingents of their members to the Army. Of course, precise statistics on this point cannot be obtained, but I have no doubt that, were an investigation held, my contention

opposite page a portrait of Captain C. W. M. Feilden. He is a well-known member of military society in Dublin, for he has been on the Personal Staff of Earl Cadogan for a number of years past. As becomes a cavalryman, Captain Feilden is a fine rider and an enthusiastic huntsman. Being also a good shot and a skilled fencer, he has every claim to be considered as a *beau sabreur*. Despite the many claims made upon his time by his military obligations, he does not forget his social ones, for he is a J.P. for both Cheshire and Lancashire. In each of these counties he owns a good deal of property, inherited from his father, the late Lieutenant-General Feilden, C.M.G. On the rare occasions that he is in town, Captain Feilden may be found in the smoking-room of that most exclusive of Clubs, the Marlborough.

Lieutenant Tait's Memorial.

In connection with the proposed memorial to the late Lieutenant F. G. Tait, there has been an extremely liberal response by Golf Clubs throughout the country to the circular of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews inviting subscriptions, and £120 has already gone to furnish a hospital-bed in South Africa. A representative Committee of members of the premier British Club, where replies have been received from all the Golf Clubs, will confer with the family of the late popular



COLONEL PRINCE AND SECOND VICTORIAN CONTINGENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA: HIS EXCELLENCY LORD BRASSEY HEADING THE PROCESSION IN MARKET STREET, MELBOURNE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. A. LOVELL, MELBOURNE.

would be found correct. *The Sketch* portrait, for instance, depicts Colonel Hugh M. Sinclair, R.E., a son of no less a dignitary of the Church than Archdeacon Sinclair. He went to South Africa as a "special service" officer a few weeks ago, and has lately been doing useful work as a member of Lord Roberts' Staff. Colonel Sinclair joined the Royal Engineers in 1874, and obtained field-rank just twenty years later.

Captain C. W. M. Feilden. Few cavalry regiments are better known than the 2nd Dragoons (or Royal Scots Greys), whose proud motto, "Second to None," is at the present moment being so worthily upheld in the face of the enemy. While serving in South Africa, however, it scarcely seems correct to speak of its gallant members as belonging to the *Greys*, owing to the fact that their horses have lately been dyed a khaki tint. Still, whatever the colour of their chargers, the men that ride them are animated by the same fine, soldierly qualities that stood their forbears in such good stead on so many a hotly contested field, from Blenheim to Balaklava. In connection with the fact that the "Greys" took part in the celebrated charge of the Heavy Brigade on this last-mentioned occasion, it is interesting to note that their present Colonel-in-Chief is His Imperial Majesty Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia. I give on the

Amateur Champion Golfer, before making public the manner in which it is proposed to provide a suitable permanent memorial of the lamented young officer.

British Supremacy in Egypt.

The "rule of the Redcoat in Egypt" is what galls France more than any other aggression on the part of England, for she knows that she missed her chance when the French fleet left the British fleet to bombard Alexandria. The man who wrecked French diplomacy was Ferdinand de Lesseps. A bitter enemy of perfidious Albion, he, nevertheless, played her game. I who write these lines solemnly aver that, if it had not been for de Lesseps' lying telegrams to Paris, the joint occupation by England and France would have continued to this day. But de Lesseps was greedy, and thought to make a *coup* of sympathy. So far back as 1882, a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, treating of "The Recovery of the Soudan," said: "It is certain that, when disputes arise between the two countries (England and France), a feeling is general among ourselves to give the French more than justice; while, in the same circumstances, the French do not appear to be satisfied unless they suppose that Great Britain has been humiliated." Eighteen years after these lines appeared in print, I believe the forecast to be absolutely correct. After the Exhibition, the deluge. Well, we shall, I trust, be ready.



BREVET-LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HUGH SINCLAIR (SON OF ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR), R.E., ON LORD ROBERTS' STAFF FOR SPECIAL SERVICE.
From a Photograph.



COLONEL A. W. MORRIS,
ASSISTANT-ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO SIR CHARLES WARREN.
Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



COLONEL LAING,
COMMANDING LORD ROBERTS' BODYGUARD.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.



CAPTAIN FEILDEN, SCOTS GREYS,
A.D.C. TO EARL CADOGAN AT "THE FRONT."
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

SOLDIERS AS AUTHORS.

WE all know—if only from laboriously transcribing it in the copy-books of our early youth—that “the pen is mightier than the sword.” That the two weapons, however, should have anything in common with one another will probably come as news to the majority of people. Nevertheless, a distinct connection between the two does most certainly exist, and one that has been bridged by a large number of officers whose swords are still at the disposal of their Sovereign. Among those who have most prominently distinguished themselves in this dual capacity of soldier and author are Field-Marshal Wolseley and Roberts, Generals Evelyn Wood, Brackenbury, Butler, Clery, Maurice, and Hallam Parr, and gallant Colonel Baden-Powell.

THE SWORD AND THE PEN.

Contrary, perhaps, to general expectation, it is not only in connection with the art of warfare that our literary warriors have employed their pens. Thus, light literature of various descriptions, novels, and—whisper it softly!—even poetry, have from time to time, through the convenient medium of the circulating libraries, sought to attract the taste of the reading public.

LORD WOLSELEY AS A NOVELIST.

For instance, just three-and-twenty years ago, the Commander-in-Chief made his débüt as a novelist with a volume entitled “Marley Cuith.” Since those days, however, Lord Wolseley has not made any more essays in this direction. Instead of this, he has devoted his brief intervals of leisure to the writing of several valuable works on subjects more intimately connected with his profession. The best-known among these are probably “The Soldier’s Pocket-Book for Field-Service,” “The Life of the Duke of Marlborough,” and “The Decline and Fall of Napoleon.”

“BOBS” AS A BIOGRAPHER.

Lord Roberts, V.C., has always been so closely occupied with “soldiering” that he has been able to devote but little time to the writing of books. Nevertheless, his pen has given us a couple of substantial volumes, each of which has passed through several editions. The first of his publications was “The Rise of Wellington,” and the second was the well-known “Forty-one Years in India,” which first appeared in 1897. Many thousands of copies have been sold since that date, and it is still in great demand at the libraries.

A CAVALRY CHRONICLER.

As a distinguished Cavalry soldier, it is this branch of the Service that has naturally been selected for writing on by Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C. Up to the present, he is the author of two books on this subject, entitled respectively “Cavalry at Waterloo” and “Achievements of Cavalry.” He has also contributed largely to periodical literature of various descriptions. Occasionally, too, he has written papers in the more purly professional journals.

A CLEVER TACTICIAN.

As the author of “Minor Tactics,” Sir Francis Clery, K.C.B., has established an undisputed claim to be considered as a military author of the front rank, for the book in question has achieved a sale which would put many a “popular” novel to the blush. Although it was written so long ago as the year 1875 (when Sir Francis was but a very junior officer), the volume is by no means out of date even at the present moment. In addition to selling so well in this country, the book has also obtained a very large circulation abroad. Indeed, in Service circles all over the Continent Clery’s “Minor Tactics” is regarded as the book on the subject. Even our enemies in South Africa have attentively studied its principles, for the tactics that they are observing in their operations against our troops there are practically identical with those laid down in this volume.

THE ART OF WAR.

Another soldier who has made important contributions to the existing literature on the art of war is Major-General J. F. Maurice, C.B. So far back as 1872 he made his débüt in authorship by writing the Wellington Prize Essay. Among his more recent works have been “Hostilities Without the Declaration of War,” “The Balance of Military Power in Europe,” and “National Defences.” He has also written a memoir of his father, the late Frederick Denison Maurice.

A MOUNTED-INFANTRY WRITER.

Major-General Henry Hallam Parr, C.B., is well known for the interest he has ever taken in the work of the Mounted Infantryman. His detailed opinions on this important subject are to be found recorded in a column entitled “The Further Training of Mounted Infantry.” In “A Sketch of the Kaffir and Zulu Wars,” he also describes his experiences in the country where such a keenly contested campaign is being waged at the present moment.

“B.-P.” ON SCOUTING.

In connection with this subject, one’s thoughts naturally incline to Colonel Baden-Powell’s recently published handbook on “Scouting.” Slight as this volume is—indeed, it is but little more than a pamphlet—the quality of its contents is of the highest order. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that it has already achieved a circulation of over 60,000 copies. By the way, “Aids to Scouting” is not the gallant “B.-P.’s” sole essay in authorship, for his name appears on the title-page of no less than six other books.

BRINGING HOME THE WAR.

THE village band is silent. It has headed a procession up hill, down dale, and along the beach. “Soldiers of the Queen” has been sung so lustily as almost to shake the ecclesiastical daws from the church-tower. The gentleman in khaki, mounted on a most unmilitary cob, has made a handsome collection for the absent-minded. The hard blowers of brazen instruments are soothing themselves with the beer of the “Smack Inn” and the “Bell Tavern.”

And now all is silence. Yet, somehow, in speaking of the absent from our midst, what with the drums and the khaki, those far, far away in the distant South seem very near us. Well, here, close to the railway station, by the gate how often stood our friend the porter, who, albeit a married man, so gallantly answered as a Reserve! Yet, good Mrs. Porter has not been treated badly. A halfpenny-a-week fund has been started for her benefit, so that her hands need not be above six hours a-day in the suds of the wash-tub. The chubby infants also of the absent-minded are by no means neglected. In fact, they are treated to rather more hardbake and sympathy than can be altogether good for their small moral and mental conditions.

“He was a good ‘usband,’ says Mrs. Porter, ‘tho’ he used to come it sometimes too often with what he called his pint o’ ale on a empty stummick,’ and the excellent woman rubs her mouth with the back of her hand and looks wistfully at the photo on the wall—a photo in which she and Mr. Thomas Atkins are depicted, he in uniform, she in a hat generously supplied with feathers, as seated lovingly, hand-in-hand, staring into vacaney with the most hideous intensity. There was an idyll even in their small lives—a romance. Let us hope there will not be a tragedy—a tragedy when a name will be read only too plainly in a long list, when the cottage blinds will be pulled down, when the patters will not click restlessly on the stones, when no steam will rise from the wash-tub, and when brother railway-folk will be saying in the “Bell” tap, “Tommy was a good old sort. ‘Ere’s more like him!”

But, as the quaint old chanson hath it, “Quand nous retournerons après la guerre,” &c., then we drink “Malvoisie.” The hero shall return safe and sound, and the band of the Buffaloes shall meet him at the station, and there shall be supper and beer and hearty hand-shakes. He is the only Reserve man in our village, but we put a high price on Mr. Thomas, we do.

Then there is someone else who left us, and yet whose presence seems very nigh indeed—a fellow in Thorneycroft’s Horse, a son of what you might call one of our “small gentry.” Mark his case. It is not the only one of its kind in South Africa. After a nine years’ gallant fight against rough-and-tough fortune, he managed at last, when he had done his turn in Jameson’s Raid, to work up a capital trade in a store by Lydenberg. When the war broke out, the Boers commandeered all his stock and his £1500 savings in the bank. What is more, although, by proclamation, full six hours were left to him to clear out, he was stopped by a party of ruffians, one of whom, amidst the jeers of the rest, told him to start running, as it wasn’t sportsmanlike to shoot him standing.

Game and British to the last, our young friend struck the cowardly cur who had insulted him on the mouth. Had it not been for the Field-Cornet coming up, he would have been riddled with Mausers. But there are Boers and Boers. The officer was “an officer and a gentleman.” The young Englishman was saved, but robbed of his hard-won earnings. So he e’en rode off to join the Thorneycroft’s, and no gallanter young trooper ever sat in saddle.

A BOOK OF VERSE FOR GLENS-PEOPLE.

Moira O’Neill has collected her poems in dialect that have appeared from time to time in *Blackwood* and the *Spectator* and published them in book form, through William Blackwood and Sons, under the title of “Songs of the Glens of Antrim.” The little volume in verse contains many pretty sentiments daintily expressed, and is sure to find favour, especially with those who know the district under treatment.

MAJOR SHORE, OF THE BENGAL LANCERS.

Brevet-Major Offley Bohun Stovin Fairless Shore, of the 18th Bengal Lancers, is thirty-five years old. He was educated at Sandhurst, from which he passed successfully to the 14th, or West Yorkshire, Regiment, and from that regiment to the Indian Staff Corps. After about five years’ service he came home on leave, and passed through the Staff College with much credit. He is an excellent linguist and a Russian interpreter, having passed the examination with great éclat and taken the Government prize, and speaks Russian exceptionally fluently. He also took the Government prize for Persian. This officer has had important experience in India, for he went through the North-West Frontier Campaign of 1897-8 as Staff Officer, and was present at the Battle of Dargai as special Aide-de-Camp to General Kempster. He thoroughly understands transport and hill-fighting, is a first-class reconnaissance officer, a good shot, and an exceptionally good rider. He arrived a few weeks ago at Cape Town in the *Kinfauns Castle*, and was at once appointed by General Roberts Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General to the Mounted Infantry Division now operating between the Orange and Modder Rivers. He will be invaluable as a reconnaissance officer. His sketches of the North-West Frontier were considered so good by Sir William Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief in India, that they have been adopted for the use of the Army. He is the very type of man we want at “the front.”



MAJOR O. B. S. F. SHORE,

18TH BENGAL LANCERS, D.A.A.G. MOUNTED INFANTRY DIVISION, FIELD FORCE, SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.



MISS MAIDIE HOPE,

ONE OF THE BEAUTIES ENROLLED UNDER THE BANNER OF MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.



MISS LILY HANBURY,

THE FINE ACTRESS WHO WILL APPEAR AS JULIA IN THE FORTHCOMING HAYMARKET PRODUCTION OF "THE RIVALS."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

From Photographs recently taken by Orrin E. Dunlap, Niagara Falls.



THE NIAGARA ICE-BRIDGE OF 1900, AS SEEN FROM THE BRINK OF THE HORSESHOE FALL.



TREES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF NIAGARA BROKEN DOWN BY THEIR LOAD OF FROZEN SPRAY.

"BONNIE DUNDEE," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.



MR. LAURENCE IRVING,
THE AUTHOR OF THE PIECE.
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.



MISS LENA ASHWELL,
THE LEADING LADY, WHO PLAYS LADY JEAN COCHRANE.
Photo by McCaul and Dickson, Victoria Street, S.W.



MISS SUZANNE SHELDON,
WHO PLAYS ANNA LA RIVA.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MR. ROBERT TABER,
WHO PRODUCES THE PIECE AND PLAYS JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE.
Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

OUR RESERVE OF GENERALS.

Wolseley—Biddulph—The Duke of Connaught—Wood—Harrison—Montgomery-Moore—Lockhart—Stevenson—Clerk—Brackenbury—Grenfell—Clarke—East—Russell—Grant—Geary—Butler—Luck—Maurice, and many others.

THIE British Army has upwards of one hundred and fifty Generals. Fourteen have attained the full rank; thirty are Lieutenant-Generals, and more than a hundred are Major-Generals. There are some twenty Brigadier-Generals, but they are not usually included in the list of "Generals." At the present moment we have thirty-three Generals in South Africa, so that we have a reserve of Generals of about a hundred and twenty.

Our Indian Empire is in possession of between fifty and sixty of our Generals in one capacity or another. But India has been one of the great training-ground of our Army—the greatest, in fact.

The Colonies and Egypt dispose of seventeen of our Generals, and Gibraltar of another, while the District Commands in Great Britain and Ireland account for seventeen more. The remaining Generals are at the Tower, the Royal Military College, and at Chelsea, and, of course, on the Staff at Headquarters and at Woolwich.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, is *ipso facto* our principal General, and would, no doubt, take the field were it absolutely necessary. Age alone would certainly not deter him, and it might be pointed out that he is some months younger than Lord Roberts. But, as the head not only of an army, but of all our armies, his great knowledge, experience, and abilities make his presence practically indispensable at home.

Sir Robert Biddulph, our senior General with the exception of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, is at the present juncture Governor of Gibraltar, a post for which he is eminently well-fitted, as he is one of the best artillerymen of our day. In the event of a European war, no better man could be in command of the "Rock."

The Duke of Connaught, who comes next on the roll, is an ardent soldier, and he handled his men at Aldershot extremely well. It is an open secret that he would much have preferred to go to South Africa rather than to Ireland.

Sir Evelyn Wood, the Adjutant-General, is one of the best-known of our Generals. Originally in the Navy, he has taken part—sometimes the chief part—in nearly all our wars since, and including, the Crimea. He is a tremendous cavalry officer, and a first-rate soldier. The Boers, bearing in mind his work in Natal in 1881, are said to be more afraid of him than of any other of our Generals. Sir Evelyn will not, however, enjoy this distinction very much longer.

Sir Richard Harrison, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, is, as one would expect, a "Sapper." Beginning with the Mutiny, he has seen service besides in China, South Africa (he knows the Transvaal and the Boers very well), and Egypt. General Harrison is a keen soldier and extremely "fit," notwithstanding his sixty-odd years.

General Montgomery-Moore, Colonel of the 18th Hussars, is an excellent commander.

Sir William Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief in India, is one of the best of our Generals. Born in 1841, he entered the Bengal Army in 1858, and almost exactly forty years afterwards reached the highest military position in India. That he is one of our strongest men is generally admitted, but there is no space in a brief article of this kind to detail his achievements.

General Nathaniel Stevenson, an 87th man, is a most excellent soldier, but he has never had a chance in the field. He was formerly in command at Cork, then at York, and afterwards in Guernsey.

General Godfrey Clerk is a distinguished soldier and a good Staff officer. He is at the Tower—a post reserved for men who have done good service.

Both Generals Brackenbury (Sir Henry) and Grenfell (Sir Francis) have brilliant records. The former, a Staff College man, with marked literary leanings, is a "gunner," and is now Director-General of Ordnance; the latter is a splendid all-round man—"Such a solid man," they say in the Army—and the work he did in Egypt, when he was Sirdar, will not soon be forgotten.

Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, the Quartermaster-General, is the man whose troops (Clarke's Column) completed the subjugation of the Zulus, and whose famous march at that time was the most masterly feat of arms in the Zulu War. Sir Cecil East is a good student as well as soldier. Sir Baker Russell, now at Portsmouth, is another first-class all-round officer; he is a tactician and a strategist and "good at surprises." Sir Robert Grant, an Engineer, never had a command, but he is an able man, and, if General Harrison left the Fortifications Department, Sir Robert would probably resume his old place there. General Geary, President of the Ordnance Committee, is a man of keen intellect and a hard worker. Sir William Butler is one of our best men, as will appear when the controversies of the moment are for ever buried. General Luck is a magnificent cavalry soldier, and he and Baker Russell might perhaps be bracketed together as our best cavalrymen.

It is impossible to do more than indicate a few of the Major-Generals. Space forbids. Let it suffice to mention such names as Gore, Congleton, Thynne, Trotter, Burnett (the man who revolutionised the feeding of the Army), Maurice (our foremost student-soldier), Gosset, Hugh McCalmont, Grove, Quain, Schwabe, Leech, Lloyd, Borrett, Ardagh, Brownlow, Blood (Sir Bindon), Salmond, Morton, Turner, Upcher, the brothers Slade, Parr, Truman, and Holled Smith.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

Reasons Against being a Millionaire—Shorthand Etiquette—Advantages of being Killed—Are Fish Ritualistic?—Beauties who Paint, New Style—Drawing-Room Reciters and How to Assassinate Them.

THE Generals of rich countries are incompetent! Such is the new doctrine; it argues thus—Generals are Society-made, in drawing-rooms, and a plutocrat Society will not appoint them as wisely as one where birth is an object. Yet, was it aristocratic "influence" that pitchforked Napoleon the Great into that somewhat prominent position of his? And, undoubtedly able though he was, would not even degenerate England have objected to his methods as her Commander-in-Chief? It is more true that to the "arrival" of commerce in fashionable life is due the decline of politeness and total abstinence from manners. Heaven soon send us bountiful Poverty to restore good-breeding to Society and efficiency to the Services!

Pleasing courtesies like those of taking a lady on each arm and kissing all round on coming into a room—dear, old-world customs of this sort have fallen into neglect. The boy who used to stand up, hat in hand, in an elder brother's presence, and call his father "sir," now offers a cigarette to a Field-Marshall. The etiquette of mourning is so much less rigorous that people who have lost relations early in the War show no traces of it now, and a girl is satisfied, on the death of one of her parents, to give up her more important gaieties for six weeks. Did not Juvenal say almost as much in his time, and bewail commercialism? It may be so, but we have forgotten Juvenal.

Riches always attend Fashion (even exclusive Vienna is beginning to admit it), but to-day it must be great riches. Those inexpensive times are gone when, as Beau Brummel said, a young man, with care and economy, could dress on eight hundred a-year. By ruling Society, money rules not only Army appointments, but the political and diplomatic worlds. And good manners, after all, are only wealth (with its refined surroundings) continued for a few generations.

True, says someone, the modern drawing-room is as riotous as a Universal Peace Meeting, where, fifty years ago, more than four or five ladies could not have talked at once with propriety, and one scribbles a post-card with "Thanks for the pretty B.-D." on getting a twenty-guinea butter-dish as a wedding-present, but such is the rush of modern life. Among the leisurely "dying nations," like Spain, there are still traces of etiquette. Yet it is rather the result of military service and the good, old-fashioned duel. In Ireland, where the bludgeon and blunderbuss occur readily in casual conversation, politeness is the national besetting sin. Once a century or so, when a great victory is won, a hint of our emotions flickers for a moment on the surface. But, as a rule, the Englishman ignores the German who bows at table and says something about "Mahlzeit"—as frigidly as a mere next-door neighbour of twenty years' standing.

As fashionable recreations, High Churchism and Catholicism have a greater vogue than ever. Business at Billingsgate, increased enormously the last two or three years, is this Lent swollen to the fifth magnitude, and the trade expect fish to be soon worth their weight in gold—gold-fish, in fact. The demand is always among the upper classes; no one with any position can be too careful in avoiding Nonconformity. Mr. Kensit's may really be a Prevention of Cruelty to Fish movement. That Professor at Naples who has just discovered a language of fish might find for us their views on the growth of Ritualism among the English aristocracy. Gold-fish, by-the-bye, are said to be a drug in the market just now; the boy who used to buy them now supports the lead-soldier and cannon industry. But would this not apply equally to the output of water-squirts, catapults, and white mice?

Hand-painted dresses, according to an ugly rumour, may become fashionable, enabling one's wife to show discontent with the niggardly fifty-guinea "frock." Fancy "Lady Blank's Dance—First Notice," in the Society column, or "The Hon. Asterisque Dash (after Rubens)!" Tableaux vivants in very sooth! As Mr. Hawtrey would say, "I'm sorry for Rubens!" There would be the difficulty of wearing a Pre-Raphaelite opera-cloak over a Rembrandt evening-dress with hair and complexion after the Flemish school.

A lady reciter of the inevitable "Beggar" in Adelaide, the other day, was so injured by a bombardment of coins that she had to stop. And the projectiles used against an artist in America included heavy pieces of gold-ore, with the same happy result. It recalls the tenor who feloniously assassinated "Yes! let me like a soldier fall," and heard a guest growl, "You would if there was a gun here!" Why not organise collections with like "stopping power"—no matter how unworthy the charity—at all recitations?

HILL ROWAN.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



AN IMPRESSIONIST PORTRAIT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. Y. BRABANT,
Commanding the Colonial Division, South African Field Force. On March 6 he gained a victory over the Boers by a night attack at Dordrecht, putting them to flight and capturing their waggons containing Martini rifles.

FROM A SUPPLEMENT TO THE "CAPE TIMES" WEEKLY EDITION.

TWO PHILANTHROPIC SPORTSWOMEN.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

THIE young Marchioness of Downshire is deservedly one of the most popular, as she is one of the most beautiful and charming, of Irish sportswomen. Katherine Mary Hare Lady Downshire is a niece of Lord Listowel, and she spent most of her childhood and girlhood in Ireland. Even now, though Lord Downshire is the fortunate owner of one of the most delightful places near town, East Hampstead Park, Wokingham, she is never happier than when in County Down, where her prowess in the hunting-field always arouses much enthusiasm. Lady Downshire takes a keen interest in various forms of Irish industry; she is the happy owner of some wonderful, and, indeed, unique, specimens of old Irish lace, and during the last few years she has shown by practical example how peculiarly becoming to beautiful women is the wearing of good lace. Of her three children, the eldest, Lord Hillsborough, will be six years old next month, Lord Arthur Hill is a year younger, and Lady Downshire's pretty baby daughter—who rejoices in the thoroughly Irish name of Kathleen—is two.

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

The young Duchess of Newcastle has hitherto been known as a keen sportswoman rather than as a philanthropist; but, like all the other wearers of the strawberry-leaves, she has lately given both her name and a certain amount of her leisure to promoting the many entertainments which have been organised, as if by magic, in aid of the various War-funds in which so many of us are interested. The daughter of an estimable and popular officer, long known to the military world as Major "Sugar" Candy, the future mistress of Clumber spent a good deal of her girlhood abroad. Her engagement to the Duke of Newcastle was

QUITE A ROMANCE.

For ten years he had been one of the greatest matrimonial *partis* in the kingdom, and when their first meeting took place the future Duchess was still in the schoolroom; indeed, she was only seventeen at the time of her marriage. Clumber is not only one of the most beautiful and stately of the homes of England, but it would be difficult to find a more ideal sporting estate; and although the mistress of a charming London house, her Grace is never happier than when in the country. The fortunate four-footed inhabitants of the Clumber kennels have become, under her fostering care, famous all over the



THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

world; indeed, so great an authority on Borzois, or Russian wolf-hounds, is the Duchess admitted to be that on more than one occasion she has been asked to act as judge at one of our great Dog Shows.

The Duchess of Newcastle also has the somewhat rare distinction of hunting her own pack of harriers. In addition to her love of

dogs and her enthusiastic affection for horses, the Duchess is one of the best horsewomen in the United Kingdom. Her Grace is also very fond of fishing—a taste which she shares with the Duke. They are both much interested in foreign travel; indeed, like the



THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

present Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, they had not been long married before they took a tour round the world. Although the Duke and Duchess do not seem to care much for society, they have on more than one occasion entertained Royalty in a very splendid manner.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS.

AT the present moment, when many people are watching with deep dissatisfaction the pro-Boer sympathies displayed in Germany (not shared, I rejoice to note, by the Kaiser), it is pleasant to remember that one of the most popular and charming of German great ladies is British born and bred. I refer, of course, to Princess Henry of Pless, to whose infant son and heir the Prince of Wales and the German Emperor have both stood sponsors; the latter, indeed, actually assisted at the ceremony, which took place at Berlin, in order that our Ambassador, Sir Francis Lascelles, might act as the Prince of Wales's proxy. Princess Henry of Pless (Miss Daisy Cornwallis-West) was married when only just eighteen, but already her extreme beauty had produced an immense impression on Society, and her wedding was one of the great functions of 1891. With the exception of the Princess of Wales, who is certainly the youngest-looking grandmother on record, there has probably never been a more youthful "grannie" than lovely Mrs. Cornwallis-West, who has retained to quite an extraordinary degree the beauty over which the world of the late 'seventies and early 'eighties made such a furore.

I hear that Prince and Princess Henry of Pless will shortly come to England, as Her Serene Highness is very anxious to show her baby son to all her old friends. Of course, when in this country the Princess generally stays with her own family, either at Ruthin Castle, her birthplace, or at Newlands Manor, the delightful old house overlooking the Solent with which so many yachtsmen and yachtswomen have charming associations. When in Germany, the Prince and Princess live at Fürstelstein, the splendid Castle where they are fond of entertaining not only many of their English friends, but also members of the German Royal Family, for among the Princess's closest friends are the three married daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis-West's three children, Princess Henry of Pless is, so far, the only one who has left the happy family circle. Their only son was one of the first of the younger officers to go out to South Africa. He is now invalided home, but hopes to be fit for active service very soon. Miss Sheila West, who was thought by some people to be even lovelier than her sister, has been constantly mentioned during the last two years in connection with our youngest bachelor Duke, and the engagement is now said to be *unfaiit accompli*.



PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS,

TO WHOSE LITTLE SON THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ARE GODFATHERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON, GROSVENOR STREET, W.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
WITH HIS GRANDCHILDREN, LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF AND LADY MAUD DUFF.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES IN ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM ATTIRE.

REVERED BY THE NATION AS THE MODEL OF AN ENGLISH LADY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE.

An Ideal Royal Union.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are like that happy nation which had no history. At the time of their marriage it was thought that they would play a considerable part in social and public life; but no such illusion was felt in the Royal Family, for even during the course of the engagement, Lord Fife—as he then was—with the full assent of the Prince of Wales and of his bride-elect, made certain stipulations, of which perhaps the most important was that his Royal wife was to have no Lady-in-Waiting; while he also asked that the Princess should be officially known by her husband's title—that is, as Duchess of Fife—and in both cases his request was granted.

The Duke of Fife a Good Speaker. Not that the Duke of Fife in any sense shirks the duties of his position; he has always been a hard worker, and, as a young man, he threw in the whole of his very great influence on the side of the Liberal Party, becoming a Member of Parliament when almost a boy, and doing his duty to his constituents in a very thorough manner. He is a good speaker, and many years ago, when the Social Science Congress visited Aberdeen, he addressed an immense meeting of working-men, creating an excellent impression by his mingled earnestness and fire. Since his marriage, the Duke has taken a very real interest in all sorts of social and philanthropic problems, and, of course, he still keeps up a close connection with banking and with certain great commercial enterprises.

A Royal Duchess. The Duchess of Fife, in character, and recently even in personal appearance, strongly recalls the Princess of Wales, who, it is an open secret, would herself like nothing so much as a quiet home-life spent with her husband and children. It is said that Princess Louise early made up her mind to refuse any apparently brilliant Royal marriage which would really separate her from her family; but, like her mother, Her Royal Highness possesses a singularly reserved and delicate nature. She did not confide her feelings to any of those acquaintances with whom her life as a young girl brought her in contact, and her engagement to the then Earl of Fife, which was announced in the Season of 1889, not only was utterly unexpected by society at large, but also made a very great sensation. How wise was the Princess's choice has now been proved by more than ten years of ideal married life. The Duke seemed to me to look younger than ever the other day, when I saw him with the Prince and his wife at the first-night of "Rupert of Hentzau."

The Duke and Duchess of Fife are both thoroughly British in their interests, in their affections, and in their habits, and they spend the whole of their huge income in the United Kingdom, rarely, if ever, going abroad save to some family gathering in Denmark, where the young Duchess's presence is often earnestly requested by her venerable grandfather, King Christian, who is very much attached to her. The Duke and Duchess spend the various seasons of the year in their very

comfortable but unpretentious town-house in Portman Square—in their delightful "cottage," Sheen House, Mortlake, where, by the way, their honeymoon was spent—at Brighton, where they are at present, and which was originally chosen because the bracing air of London-on-Sea was found to admirably suit both Her Royal Highness and the two Ladies Duff—and at New Mar Lodge, one of the most delightful places on



THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND THE LADIES ALEXANDRA AND MAUD DUFF.
Photo by Dowery, Ebury Street, S.W.

Deeside, and which, having been unfortunately burnt down some years ago, has now been entirely rebuilt from plans drawn up in consultation with the Duke and Duchess. Duff House, the ancestral home of the Earls of Fife, is occasionally visited by them; but there is no doubt that both the Duke and Duchess are specially devoted to New Mar Lodge, and it is there that each autumn they gather their friends about them.

The Prince as a Grandfather According to those who have the privilege of seeing the Prince and Princess of Wales really at home—that is, at Sandringham—when surrounded by their children and grandchildren, our future King understands *l'art d'être grand-père* as admirably as he does everything else that calls for downright kind-heartedness. As is natural, he reserves a very special niche in his heart for his eldest daughter's two pretty little girls, the more so that, long before there was any question of a marriage between the Earl of Fife and Princess Louise of Wales, the former was one of the Prince's closest friends. Of course, at the time of Lady Alexandra Duff's birth she stood very near the throne, and, according to a fashion more followed on the Continent than in this country, the baby's nearest relations—in fact, the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence—were her godfathers, her two great-grandmothers being also her sponsors. It is said to have been owing not only to the personal wish of the Duke and Duchess of Fife, but also to the strong advice of the Prince of Wales, that his eldest grandchild was from her birth accorded only the rank and title of a Duke's daughter, instead of being styled "Princess."

During the Prince's brief holidays on the Continent, no day passes by without his remembering, in some more or less substantial manner, the younger members of his family. His Royal Highness is always on the look-out for new toys, and one of his earliest gifts to Lady Alexandra Duff was a beautiful Paris doll nearly as big as herself. The fact that the Prince has kept so young in heart and in manner is naturally a great link between himself and his little grandchildren; and although it is said round about Sandringham that His Royal Highness already pays Prince Edward of York the compliment of training him in the way he should go, especially in the matter of making him scrupulously polite and courteous to all those about him, his manner to the two daughters of the Duke of Fife and to the tiny Princess Victoria of York is always kindness and tenderness itself, the only interference in nursery matters being always on the side of mercy. Small wonder therefore that Lady Alexandra and Lady Maud regard those holidays which they spend with their grandfather as quite the most delightful of their young, happy lives.



THE DUKE OF FIFE.
Photo by Dowery, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE LATEST NOVELTY AT THE HIPPODROME

MDLLE. CAPELL'S new Continental "turn" at the London Hippodrome is greatly appreciated by the large audiences at both the afternoon and evening shows, for her performance especially appeals to the national taste in the matter of sport. Mdlle. Capell makes a very pretty picture in the arena, in her scarlet

greyhound wearing antlers personates the quarry. After this, Mdlle. Capell dismounts and tucks up her habit, in order to walk more freely, at the same time displaying a pair of very neat Spanish-leather riding-boots. Presently three terriers are introduced into the ring, and, while Mdlle. Capell walks round the arena attending her horse, one of these dogs dives most deftly between her feet as she walks with high-stepping paces. The other two dogs perform similar feats between the fore and



MDLLE. MILLY CAPELL, THE FAMOUS EQUESTRIENNE.
Photo by Mat és Torsa, Budapest.

jacket and well-fitting black habit, while a smart hat sets off her blonde beauty. The horse on which she is mounted is groomed to a turn, and its graceful movements and its obedience to the pressure of knee and spur deservedly bring down thunders of applause. Mdlle. Capell, besides exhibitions of the *haute école*, has a couple of pointers which perform all manner of wonderful feats, winding up with a stag-hunt, in which a



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF THE HIPPODROME'S LATEST ACQUISITION.
Photo by A. Hirrlinger, Stuttgart.

hind legs of the horse. It is a performance of much originality. Mdlle. Capell informed me that it is only during the last year that she has performed it, and then it has previously been done on a stage. This is the first time she has exhibited it in an arena; and the dogs know the difference, she says, for they get greatly fatigued with the unaccustomed size of the Hippodrome arena.



SOME OF MDLLE. CAPELL'S SPORTING DOGS AND FOX-TERRIERS.
Photo by Mat és Torsa, Budapest.



MDLLE. CAPELL'S THOROUGHBRED ARABIAN HORSE.
Photo by Mat és Torsa, Budapest.



MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD,

The charming and graceful Helena in Mr. Tree's splendid production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her rendering of this part silences those critics who asserted that Miss Baird was an actress of one part only. She is now reaping the benefits of her long training under Mr. Ben Greet. This photograph is by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE,

The famous English actress whose production of "Sapho" has stirred the United States to its depths. The play (excellent scenes from which, by Byron of New York, were reproduced in a recent number of "The Sketch") has been stopped by the authorities on the ground of immorality. Miss Nethersole will be tried at Special Sessions. Will the prudes of New York taboo "La Traviata" next? This photograph is by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



BIG GIRL: My little sister's got a new doll that squeaks when you press it!

LITTLE GIRL (*nose put out of joint by the baby*): My muvver's got a new doll that squeaks whether you press it or not!



A QUESTION OF RESPECTABILITY.

"Ye'll better join the Army, laddie. Ye'll be nae mair out-at-elbow."
"Wot price bein' out-at-knees?"

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DANDY VOLUNTEER.

A TALE OF THE ENGAGEMENT AT JACOBSDAL.

BY KEBLE HOWARD.



BEFORE I come to the very untidy scene of this story, let me state that the great City firm of Merryditch and Co. had in its employ no clerk more dapper in his dress, more spruce in his person, than Mr. Frederick Leafe. With the common distaste for the study of disposition and character that so often marks the young man of the present day, his companions had once and for all put him down as the harmless kind of fool who should be addressed as "Freddie," and treated

accordingly. It is certain that Mr. Leafe's appearance was in strict accordance with his office sobriquet. Auburn hair, light-blue eyes, a sensitive mouth, small hands, and slight figure doubtless made up a personality eminently pleasing to a fond mother and devoted sisters, but the result was scarcely calculated to impress the dashing second-class-season-ticket-holders among whom Mr. Leafe's lot in life was cast. Add to this that he neither smoked cigarettes nor bought halfpenny evening papers, and the intelligent reader will understand that their scorn was fully justified.

When, therefore, it became known that Freddie had offered his services for the war in South Africa, there was much merriment in the junior offices of Messrs. Merryditch and Co. Nobody believed for one moment that he would be accepted, but Frederick Leafe had Destiny at his back, and was allowed to order his suit of khaki. In this array he looked more dapper than ever, for he managed to give the little curl on his forehead a military twist that the Misses Leafe pronounced as "positively sweet."

After the first surprise of Freddie's acceptance was over, his khaki-clad comrades consoled themselves for their lack of foresight with the thought of the unlimited fun that could be got out of the dandy one on board ship and in camp. They worked off their first joke on him at a restaurant in Leicester Square, where the company had been dining at the expense of their employers. When those in authority had withdrawn, somebody sighted a large basket, labelled "Southampton." It immediately occurred to the wits of the party to empty the basket of its original contents and fill it with Freddie. The first part of the programme was easily performed, but to the second part Mr. Leafe objected. He showed his objection by seizing an empty champagne-bottle by the neck, getting his back to the wall, and inviting them to sound the "Advance." But his light-blue eyes shone so queerly that the gentlemanly instincts of his companions restrained them from further action, and they decided not to "rot" him any more. The incident concluded, Freddie deliberately rearranged his curl in front of the glass, carefully brushed a few crumbs of bread off his uniform, and bade them a genial *au revoir*.

Outward bound, similar scenes occurred once or twice, except that in place of the champagne-bottle the Dandy caught up a bayonet or clubbed his rifle. The result of his determined action was so healthy that, after the first three or four days, he found himself left in a blessed state of peace. Having now plenty of time on his hands, he devoted it to trimming his hair and cleaning his kit, until even the deck-hands learnt to greet him with a mock salute, whereupon Private Leafe would smile sweetly and gravely raise two fingers to his cap.

The time spent under canvas in the neighbourhood of Cape Town passed somewhat slowly for the London boys, although the Kaffir children found a wonderful fascination in Freddie's shaving operations. But, after the C.I.V. were told off to join the 15th Brigade, then situated towards the north of the Colony, all was bustle and excitement.

Crash! The air was full of smoke that blinded and flame that burnt. The Dandy threw up his arms and fell headlong from his horse's back to the ground. None saw him fall, for the 15th Brigade were in the full flood of victory, impetuously driving the Boers out of Jacobsdal. On they swept—the North Staffords, the Cheshires, the East Lancashires, the South Wales Borderers, the London Volunteers. And Freddie was left amongst the dead and dying.

But he was not done for yet. A shell had burst immediately over his head, stunning but not killing him. For two hours he lay there on the veldt, alone save for the faithful horse that knew and loved its master. And at the end of the two hours the Dandy stirred, moved his stiff limbs, struggled into a sitting posture, and marvelled that he was still alive.

A parched feeling at his throat reminded him that there was some cold tea in his water-bottle. With feeble hands he clutched the strap, and dragged the flask round his body into a convenient position for drinking. But scarcely had he moistened his lips when the groan of a dying man fell upon his ear. Freddie listened intently, for, from the hollow where he had fallen, no human form was visible. Only the head

of his horse, nosing for some scrap of vegetation amid the coarse sand of the veldt, gave indication of a second living thing.

Again the Dandy raised the flask to his lips, and this time he drank a little of the refreshing tea. But long ere he had quenched his thirst the same sound broke the silence. And then, looking round, he saw a little hillock some twenty yards away, and near it a khaki hat bearing the letters "C.I.V."

With an effort, he arose to his feet, but only to stagger a few paces and then fall again. Luckily, he had replaced the stopper in his water-bottle. Up once again, and this time he did better, nearly reaching the hillock before he felt compelled to sink to his knees. After a few moments' rest, he crawled on once more, and this time reached the mound. On the other side of it lay a man in the uniform of a London Volunteer, face downwards.

He was just breathing, but only just. The Dandy, with his ear to his comrade's side, knew that there was not a moment to be lost if he would save the wounded man's life. But, to discover the cause of the mischief, he must turn him over on to his back, and this required a great effort. At length he succeeded, and the features of the unconscious soldier were revealed.

For several moments Freddie gazed in bewilderment at the upturned face, and then he fell back upon the veldt, cursing feebly and smiling without mirth. Very much surprised his companions of the office would have been could they have caught a glimpse of Mr. Frederick Leafe at that moment. For once his dress was in disorder; his front curl was out of place. The delicate features were fouled with smoke and distorted with passion; the beautiful blue eyes revealed the vortex of bitterness that was raging in the Dandy's soul.

For, effeminate and feeble as they thought him, he *had* a soul, and it was filled with passionate love for a girl at home in England. But the girl had seemed to scorn him as much as she favoured another, and that was why Freddie had come out to the war. But he was not prepared for the irony that Fate had in store for him. He had left his rival, Norman Ford, in possession of the field, hoping never to look upon his face again. And now Ford lay by his side on the open veldt, wounded, dying, and it was the hand of the Dandy that must save him from Death.

But need he save him? Freddie remembered that all was fair in love and war, and here he had both. Yes, but he was not at war with Norman Ford; he was fighting with him against a common foe of their country. Therefore it was his duty to save him. And yet, if Ford lived, Ford would marry Muriel, and—

Freddie sat up with a face as white as death, and examined the wounded man. He found a bad bullet-wound in the leg, from which the blood was still flowing slowly. He took off his own tunic, tore up his flannel shirt, and bandaged the wound. Then, raising Norman's head upon his knee, he forced some of the cold tea, of which there was little enough left, down his throat. In a few moments the other opened his eyes and gazed feebly around him.

"Drink," said the Dandy, holding the water-bottle to Ford's lips.

He drank a little, but more was spilled down his khaki tunic.

"More!" commanded Freddie, and he emptied the last few drops of the liquid down his rival's throat. "Now, can you stand if I help you?"

"I'll try," gasped Ford.

The Dandy whistled to his horse, which came trotting up obediently at the sound. The bridle was still in its place, but the saddle had slipped round—probably he had pulled it as he fell. With some difficulty, he put it into its place and helped the wounded man up.

"Hang on somehow," he said; "I'll lead him."

And so the melancholy little party set out, the sun sinking in the west with an angry flare. Their progress was very slow, and Freddie had no exact idea as to his whereabouts, but he could only stumble on and hope for the best. Now and again there came a stifled groan from the man on the horse, as a sudden jerk gave his wound a wrench, but not a word passed between them. The Dandy found himself wondering whether Ford had recognised him; and from that he went on to conjure up a bitter little picture of Muriel, the girl whom both of them loved, sitting at home and scanning the columns of the newspaper for the gallant exploits of her beloved Norman.

Yes, that was the key to the situation. Muriel loved Norman, and therefore Norman must be saved. Freddie took a firmer grasp of the bridle, patted his horse's neck, and again scanned the horizon for sign of human being or habitation. Night was coming on very rapidly now; in a few moments it would be quite dark. But, just as it seemed that their pilgrimage had been in vain, the Dandy sighted a small hut, situated in a hollow to the left. Eagerly he led the horse towards it, caring little whether it was in the possession of friends or foes if only he could find a sheltered spot and a little food for his comrade and himself. The hut proved to be deserted, although there was no doubt that the Boer occupants had but lately left it. There was a rough bed in one corner, and a heap of sacks in another. In the rude box that served for a cupboard Freddie found a few pieces of stale bread, and, better than all, a bucket half full of water that had been left in a little shed outside.

Very carefully he helped Ford off the horse and on to the bed in the corner. Then he persuaded him to eat a piece of the bread soaked in water, re-dressed the wound in the leg, and had the satisfaction of



"THE DANDY VOLUNTEER."

"THE KAFFIR CHILDREN FOUND A WONDERFUL FASCINATION IN FREDDIE'S SHAVING OPERATIONS." (See opposite page.)

DRAWN BY L. TRICKERAY, R.B.A.

seeing his patient drop off to sleep. The horse next claimed his attention. He did not tie it up in the shed, but gave it some of the water in the pail, and left the animal to find what food it could on the sandy veldt. He had no fear that it would wander far away.

Then he soaked some more of the bread in the water, ate it thankfully, and stretched himself out on the sacks. Through the chinks of the ramshackle door he could see the stars shining out bravely, and he tried to imagine that the brightest of them was Venus, come to soothe the dull pain in his heart. From that he went on to think of Muriel, and wondered what she would think if she could see her two lovers now. Then he anathematised all the women in the world except his mother, and fell asleep.

When he awoke, the hut was full of sunlight, and he felt desperately hungry. The thought of the somewhat meagre breakfast at his command reminded him of Ford. Sitting up on the sacks, the Dandy looked across at the bed in the opposite corner. He gave a little exclamation of surprise, and started to his feet. The wounded man had gone.

With quick suspicion, which he often remembers with sorrow, he ran out of the hut and looked round for the horse. It was only a hundred yards away, still turning over the South African sand with its nose, and thinking hard things of President Kruger. Freddie looked in all directions for a sign of Norman, but could see no trace of him.

No trace? Yes; he had left something behind. On the inside of the door—though the Dandy had missed it in his first hurried exit from the hut—there was a sheet of girl's note-paper, pale-blue and scented, stuck on to a nail. Freddie recognised the handwriting, and the first words sent the blood to his head. He read it through—

DEAR MR. FORD.—I am so very sorry that you are leaving England on my account, but glad that you will be fighting for your country. You asked me last night if there was someone else. There is someone else, and he is fighting too. But he went away without a word and nearly broke my heart. I think you know who it is. Will you be kind to a girl who has had to be unkind to you?

Wishing you God-speed and a safe return.—Yours sincerely, M. R.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THIE Boston *Literary World*, an excellent little paper, asserts, on the authority of a witness of the highest personal character, a friend of Stevenson's whose carefulness and veracity are not to be questioned, that Stevenson regretted the publication of his letter to Dr. Hyde on Father Damien. He was led before his death to see the subject in a somewhat different light, and even went so far as to admit that, in his treatment of Dr. Hyde, he had laid himself open to very heavy penalties.

Very quietly, and not unsatisfactorily, an American Academy has stolen into existence. It came into being at the invitation of the American Social Science Association, acting under the power of its charter from the Congress of the United States. The title is, "The Department of Literature in the National Institute of Arts and Letters," and the number of active members will probably be fixed at a hundred. The first public meeting has recently been held in New York. Some of the names are unknown to me, but, on the whole, the selection seems to be admirable. Henry James is of the number, and so is Bret Harte. I am glad to see that Joachim Miller is not forgotten. It goes without saying that Charles Eliot Norton, Horace Scudder, E. L. Godkin, and others who have done much to maintain a standard in letters, are included. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has advocated before the Institute perpetual copyright. He thinks that this is what literature in America needs at the present time, and urges also the necessity for "honest, competent, sound criticism."

Mr. Marion Crawford's "Via Crucis" has passed into its sixtieth thousand, and is to be dramatised by a well-known playwright.

"The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible" did a good work in its day, and some of the contributions—noticeably those of Bishop Westcott and Canon Evans—have passed into the lists of standard theological literature. The curious title of the work needs explaining. We find it in the newly published Journal of the late Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison, Viscount Ossington. He was for some time Speaker of the House of Commons. The Speaker had a deep sense of the gravity of the inferences from German Biblical criticism, and thought they should be fairly met on their merits. For this purpose he originated "The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible." He died some years before it was finished.

The most readable book of the week is the new instalment, in two volumes, of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary" (Murray). Two years only are dealt with, 1887 and 1888, and, as the diarist intends to carry us on to the close of the century, a considerable portion of his work is to come. The record of foreign travel in various parts of Europe, and in Palestine and Syria, is only moderately interesting; most people will turn first to the London chapters and the talks with noted authors and politicians in the years following the great Home Rule split.

Here is a little story about Tennyson which one seems to have heard before: "A party of Americans once went to Freshwater for the purpose of seeing Tennyson, but were repulsed. They threw themselves upon the mercy of Mrs. Cameron. 'Come with me,' she said, and, marching them straight into the presence, addressed the Laureate in

these words: 'Alfred, these American ladies and gentlemen have crossed the Atlantic to see the great British lion, but have found only a bear!'"

Lord Kimberley was one of the friends with whom Sir Mountstuart renewed acquaintance after his five years in Madras. "It was interesting to observe how impressed he was with the enormous change that has come over the Parliamentary system in the last few years, with the vast importance that now attaches to platform-speaking, and to speeches made in the House, not to the House, but to constituents." Few people, by the way, think of Lord Kimberley as a literary man. Yet Sir M. E. Grant Duff writes out "two striking quotations which Kimberley made to me in the course of conversation." One is from Tasso, the other from Spenser.

Sir George Trevelyan is responsible for the following Ruskin anecdote. "He mentioned that once, when walking with a lady, he had met Ruskin, and, in the hope that the latter might say something characteristic, he addressed the great man, asking if he had heard the news. 'What news?' was the reply. 'Plevna has fallen.' 'Plevna! I never heard of it. I know of nothing later than the fourteenth century.'"

There is a curious story about Professor Owen and Cromwell, which shows that the opposition to the new statue is an echo of earlier animosities—

In the course of conversation the old man said, "I became a member of 'The Club' much earlier than I otherwise should have done, from the accident of Johnson's having expressed a wish that one member of it should be a physiologist. Hardly had I been elected when I was put in a great difficulty. Our opinion was desired as to whether a representation of Cromwell should be introduced in the new Houses of Parliament. Various views were expressed, when Lord Aberdeen, who was Chairman, said, 'Well, we'll take a vote, and we'll begin with the youngest member.' I extricated myself from an embarrassing position by saying, 'Whatever we may do, we cannot raise for Cromwell a monument at all equal to one he has got already.' The other members looked surprised, and I was asked to what I alluded, whereupon I quoted Milton's sonnet. I never was so well repaid for learning a bit of poetry by heart."

The liability of the greatest statesmen to frequent mistakes and miscalculations is well illustrated by a story about Palmerston. In 1851, he sent for George Melly, who had just returned from a long visit to Egypt and the East, and questioned him very closely about the projected Suez Canal. Palmerston got very angry, and said, "It shall not be made, it cannot be made, it will not be made; but if it were made, there would be a war between France and England for the possession of Egypt."

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema's new book, "The Fate-Spinner," bears on the title-page the name of "E. B. Mortlock, 39, Victoria Street, Westminster." This semi-private method of production is the fashion of the moment in certain circles. "The Fate-Spinner" is bound in blue paper and handsomely printed; it contains about 20,000 words. The dedication is to Lady Waterlow. Maeterlinck's influence is even more apparent than in Miss Alma-Tadema's previous work; in translating his plays she has drunk from the well of his genius. It will be remembered that Lady Alma-Tadema is a Frenchwoman. Castle Musgrave, where the drama is played out, belongs to a landscape as vague as that of "Pelleas and Melisande." The figures are more ghostly than human, and all at the end have slipped back into the silence. The strange atmosphere of Maeterlinck's plays—the weird half-lights, rustling curtains, whisperings, footsteps in corridors, repetitions, broken language—are reproduced to perfection, yet without the servility of the imitator. This is quite the ablest piece of writing that Miss Alma-Tadema has given us, and I look forward with interest to her promised volume, "Tales from My Garden."

I mean to get from Mudie's that very queer book, "Darwin and Darwinism," by P. T. Alexander, M.A., LL.D. The author deals with Darwin as the undergraduate essayists of Edinburgh University, according to Mr. Barrie, deal with their Professors: "On this point I join issue with Tait": "I will now proceed to show that Professor Calderwood has hopelessly blundered." Dr. Alexander, in the same spirit, says: "My little effort will show that, wherever I have paid special attention to any department of Natural History or Natural Science, I am apt to find Mr. Darwin at fault—more especially in his generalisations."

Mr. Robert W. Chambers's new novel, "The Cambria Mask" (Macmillan) is "creepy," in more senses than one. The hero is an entomologist, and, as the heroine aids and abets him in his pursuits, and knows all the learned names of the insects, readers who dislike the sensation of caterpillars crawling over them may be advised to omit certain chapters of their love-making. The mystery of the White Riders is splendidly worked out. *Pearson's Magazine* had an article recently on the American desperado, giving portraits of survivors of this now rapidly disappearing class. Dr. Conan Doyle, in "A Study in Scarlet," and Mr. Chambers, in his present novel, have shown what terror these gangs of ruffians used to spread in the wilder and more thinly peopled States. I can recommend this racy and ingenious novel.

Perhaps the heartiest rejoicings over Cronje's surrender came from people whose birthday fell on Majuba Day. One of these was Dr. Richard Garnett.

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY

AS few people outside of Ireland know much, if anything, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the accompanying photographs may interest *Sketch* readers in Great Britain—they will certainly interest its Irish readers, who know and love the Force.

Dublin City is policed by the Dublin Metropolitan Police; all the rest of Ireland is policed by the Royal Irish Constabulary, which is



SIR ANDREW REED, K.C.B., LL.D., INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE
ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

Photo by A. E. Horne, R.M., Queenstown.

known throughout the country as the "R.I.C." Both Forces are directly controlled by Government.

The R.I.C. consists of the Inspector-General, Deputy Inspector-General, three Assistant Inspectors-General (one of whom is Commandant of the Dépôt), 37 County Inspectors, 217 District Inspectors, 250 Head Constables, 1920 Sergeants, 470 Acting-Sergeants, and 8326 Constables.

The Inspector-General, with the Deputy and Assistant Inspectors-General, are termed the Headquarter Officers, and are officially located in a large pile of buildings at Dublin Castle, known as the R.I.C. Office. They have a large staff of Civil Service clerks.

A County Inspector is in charge of a county, or riding. Each county is divided into districts, and the officer in charge of a district is styled a District Inspector. The district is divided into sub-districts, and each sub-district has a Sergeant in charge, with a party of four or more Constables under him.

The Headquarter Officers, with the County and District Inspectors, are the officers of the R.I.C., and, with the Head Constable, Sergeants, and Constables under their command, form what is universally acknowledged to be the finest body of disciplined men in the world. Whether they are considered as regards their loyalty, intelligence, courtesy, physique, or general fitness for their work, they are an admirable body.

To belong to this Force one must join the ranks as a Constable or obtain entrance as a Cadet, and it is not easy to do either. The best of the sons of the farmers, artisans, and other respectable classes offer themselves as candidates for the office of Constable to the Sergeant of the sub-district in which they reside, and, if known to be of unblemished character, and found to be 5 ft. 9 in. or upwards, and of good physique, are recommended by him to the District Inspector, who examines them, and submits the result to the County Inspector, who forwards same to the Commandant of the Dépôt. The latter officer classifies the candidates into first, second, and third, and, as vacancies occur, calls up the candidates on the first-class list—so many first-class men present themselves that second- or third-class candidates are never called.

To enter the R.I.C. as a Cadet, a nomination by the Lord-Lieutenant or Chief Secretary is necessary. Several candidates are nominated for each vacancy, and are examined by the Civil Service Commissioners. The candidate who obtains most marks at the examination is appointed to the vacant Cadetship. As so many English University and Public School men are of late years joining the R.I.C. as Cadets, it would be

interesting to give the regulations under which Cadets are appointed, if space permitted. However, they may be got by applying to the Inspector-General, R.I.C., Dublin Castle. It may be mentioned that the examination is rendered difficult by the great competition.

The young R.I.C. man, whether Constable or Cadet, is brought to the Dépôt for instruction in drill and police duties. The Dépôt is the Barracks in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in which is located the Reserve of the R.I.C.—four companies and a troop of trained men—always ready to be sent to any part of the country in which disturbance is anticipated or other cause renders it advisable to increase the local force. It is under the Commandant, Mr. T. French Singleton. The other officers are the Adjutant, the Instructor of Musketry, the Riding Master (who commands the troop), and four other District Inspectors, also the Barrack-Master, the Surgeon, and the Veterinary Surgeon. There are usually about four hundred men on the Reserve.

The course of drill is the same as in a regimental dépôt, but the Cadet is put through cavalry as well as infantry drill; the Constable is not, as the mounted branch of the R.I.C. is kept up to its strength by selecting Constables who have served some time in the country, and bringing them back to the Dépôt to go through a course of cavalry training.

A District Inspector has from five to ten or twelve Sergeants' parties, in addition to his headquarters, under his command, and he inspects these parties monthly. His district is about twenty to thirty miles square, according to population, and he has to attend the Petty Sessions, the important fairs, and other assemblages, and to visit the scene of any outrage as often as may be necessary. His life is thus a pretty busy one, yet it leaves him ample time for amusements, and the D.I. (as he is called) hunts, shoots, fishes, plays golf, &c., whenever his duties permit, and, as he occupies a high social position, he may be considered to have a very good time. There are few more desirable posts than that of District Inspector, for not only is his life a pleasant one, but there is simply no limit to the positions he may aspire to. For instance, the Under-Secretary for Ireland (Sir David Harrel, K.C.B.) was a D.I., next he was a Resident Magistrate, then Commissioner Dublin Police, and now, so conspicuous is the ability he displays in his exalted office, all who are capable of forming an opinion regard him as the best Under-Secretary we have ever had in Ireland. Sir H. A. Blake, perhaps the ablest of Colonial Governors, and Sir Ralph Moor, of African fame, were both District Inspectors; so were the present Commissioner of the Dublin Police, the Chairman



THE COUNTY INSPECTOR OF CORK (MR. A. GAMBELL).

Photo by A. E. Horne, R.M., Queenstown.

and the Inspector of the Irish Prisons Board; so were twenty-six of the seventy Resident Magistrates of Ireland. All the Headquarter Officers and the County Inspectors of the R.I.C. were District Inspectors, as were eight Chief Constables of the English police, so that an R.I.C. officer may look forward to almost any position. It is therefore not surprising that the post is much sought after.



GROUP OF HEAD CONSTABLES, SERGEANTS, AND ACTING-SERGEANTS, ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY, CORK CITY.



GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. E. HORNE, R.M., QUEENSTOWN.

THEATRE GOSSIP

Miss Clo Graves's "Nurse!"—Lottie Venne—Ethel Clinton—Sydney Brough—Lawrance D'Orsay—Fred Eastman—Britta Griffin—and others—Wyndham's "Cyrano de Bergerac," &c., &c., &c.

A VERY strong company has apparently been engaged by Mr. Richard Lambert, who will put on "A Broken Halo" and "Nurse!" at the Globe Theatre next Saturday evening. By the courtesy of some of the artists, I am enabled to reproduce their photographs. Miss Clo Graves—the talented authoress of "Nurse!"—was quite lately portrayed and interviewed in *The Sketch*.

The leading lady in "Nurse!" is Miss Lottie Venne, of whom it is no mere commonplace to say that she is an artist to her finger-tips, while in her particular line of business she is without a rival. It is certain that no one can play a comic part with so much refinement and distinction, and in her hands even a *risqué* line, without losing its point, never seems to offend the most sensitive ear. It would be tedious to mention all her inimitable creations, which are legion in number. One has only to refer to her recent appearance in the revival of "Jane," at Terry's, to call up many pleasant recollections, among which her admirably delivered monologue, "They're all alike," in aid of Mrs. Langtry's Soldiers' Fund, at the Haymarket, stands as a white stone.

Miss Ethel Clinton is, on the other hand, a new addition to the comedy stage, and, though she cannot claim a record of such long experience, there are not wanting evidences of her being thoroughly devoted to her profession. In her school-days, which were spent in a convent, she was undoubtedly imbued with a great love of music, which was a distinctive feature of the regular school curriculum; and since Miss Clinton has taken to a dramatic career, she has added to her attractions by studying voice-production under Mr. Henry Russell, while Miss Mariette D'Auban has had her as a pupil. Her face is not, therefore, her only fortune. Miss Clinton, if rumour speaks truly, will play the part in "Nurse!" of a pretty Society widow whose husband is in Africa shooting big game; but enough, for if more be said, trouble may ensue from the management.

Mr. Sydney Brough, one of a thoroughly dramatic family, and as modest as he is clever, will bear the chief burden of the play of "Nurse!"; and, as regards the other gentlemen, Mr. Lambert is fortunate in having secured Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay, who, in his particular line of business, is quite unique, for no one on the stage so happily illustrates the heavy swell and the old beau who is at the same time a "gentleman" down to the very soles of his patent-leathers.

Mr. D'Orsay has been under Mr. Lambert's banner before, when he recently played in "A Sleeping Partner," at the Criterion; but he will be best remembered as Lieutenant Farquhar in "A Gaiety Girl," and in his part in "The Geisha," as well as in "A Runaway Girl." He also made a "hit" recently as Spriggins in "Alone in London," and in a part specially written for him in "An Absent-Minded Beggar." His part in the forthcoming play of "Nurse!" may perhaps remind many of his first great success as Dudley Harcourt in "My Sweetheart," at the Strand, fourteen years ago, under Miss Minnie Palmer.

It may be confidently predicted that one of the drollest characters in "Nurse!" will be Mr. Fred Eastman, who personates Major Walker Wilson from Africa in that play. Fred Eastman is comparatively new

to the London stage; but ever since he trod its boards, in "Little Miss Nobody," as Christopher Potter, he has never ceased to import that mirth-provoking business which has made his name in the provinces, where he has played for eighteen years, a synonym of laughter. In corroboration, one has only to mention his Cook, in the late Adelphi pantomime of "Dick Whittington," his Mrs. Sinbad, in "Sinbad the Sailor," at Stoke Newington, and his intensely funny personation of Miraldi, the Italian lover, in "The Elixir of Youth," at the Vaudeville.

It seems almost invidious to mention the above artists without detail of the rest of the company, which is so full of talent. However, in the cast are also Mark Kinghorne, W. Cheesman, Alfred Maltby, Paul M. Berton, W. Warren-Smith, E. Ferris, and Reginald Dance, as well as Miss Britta Griffin, Carlotta Zerbini, and Miss Beverly Sitgreaves.

That always lively and long—"fronted" maritime town, Blackpool—a town run almost wholly in the interest of amusements—was in a flutter of excitement, a few days ago, all on account of Mr. Charles Wyndham

having selected the Grand Theatre there for the very first performance in the British Isles of Messrs. Louis Napoleon Parker and Stuart Ogilvie's English version of M. Rostand's great play, "Cyrano de Bergerac." Whenever the present writer turned, his more or less eagle-eye encountered huge posters announcing this important engagement, which was for three nights only, and, in addition to all this "wall-printing," many a shop-window and hotel-portal was adorned with portraits of Mr. Wyndham as the lavishly nosed Cyrano—a portrait which he did not subsequently realise, but that by the way, and strictly without prejudice, especially as Mr. Wyndham's make-up as this military and very militant ballad-monger and playwright was far less diabolical than this somewhat lurid "litho."

Apart from the importance of this première, the eager seat-bookers, whom I found again very busy the morning after the production, had evidently been impressed with the statement that Lancashire and the neighbouring counties could secure only six nights of the new Cyrano, all told, the remaining three nights

of that week being booked at Southport; after which Mr. Wyndham and the ninety-nine other players—of a speaking and a "thinking" kind—crossed to Shamrockland, opening in Dublin last Monday, and devoting the first night's receipts to the funds in aid of the widows and orphans of the gallant sons of Erin who have so nobly sacrificed themselves in Britain's cause in South Africa.

Sketch readers have already been informed that Mr. Wyndham desired Messrs. Parker and Ogilvie to turn M. Rostand's glowing verse into prose. Herein he doubtless showed wisdom, for, of course, to retain the never needless Alexandrines of the masterly original for English stage use would be absurd. It is doubtful, too, if English audiences would patiently endure the translation of most of Cyrano's many long speeches into blank verse—a vehicle so cleverly adapted by Misses Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard in the translation published some time ago by Mr. Heinemann. Messrs. Parker and Ogilvie have, on the whole, performed their difficult task admirably, in one respect showing a great improvement on the above-mentioned translation—namely, in the two ballades declaimed by Cyrano, one when he is engaged in his sword-fight with the insulting De Valvert, the other when introducing his fellow Gascon cadets. Before the play reaches London, it might perhaps be well to revise certain phrases which now and again suggest London



MISS LOTTIE VENNE, WHO SUSTAINS THE TITLE-PART IN "NURSE!"—THE NEW PIECE AT THE GLOBE THEATRE BY MISS CLO GRAVES.

as she appears in 1900 rather than Paris as she appeared in 1640. Mr. Wyndham's playing of the terribly trying character of the vast-nosed poet-soldier (certain of whose plays were among the "goods" that the candid Molière took wherever he found them) had, as was only to be expected from such a sterling comedian, many fine touches and effective points. It was not to be expected that at what was, after all, virtually a dress-rehearsal, even this consummate actor would be able to display all the ever-varying lights and shades of this difficult character. Doubtless, long before presenting the piece in London, Mr. Wyndham will have gained more command over his voice, especially in some of the chief pathetic passages. He might also with advantage tone down his "make-up"—not so much as regards the famous Nose, for that is not a particularly startling proboscis, but certainly as regards the heavy moustache, which largely conceals a face that has always been remarkable for its mobility. Mr. Wyndham has spared no expense as to mounting and casting the play. It is not possible to suppose that Miss Mary Moore can at any future period look more beautiful than she did on the first night as Roxane the "précieuse." It is more than probable, however, that this popular lady will yet act the part with more variety, not only in London, but during Mr. Wyndham's five weeks' tour.

Miss Maidie Hope, whose portrait I present on page 332, is one of the beauties of Mr. George Edwardes's company, a company which has long been famous for its pretty women. Although she has been only four years on the stage, she has seen a good deal of service, two years having been passed in South Africa, whither she went with one of Mr. Edwardes's touring companies which carry sweetness and light to the heart of the Black Continent. Through the exigencies of the theatre, which cannot give important parts to everyone, she has to be content with small parts in London; but Miss Hope has acted important characters in various Gaiety plays both in Africa and on tour, playing Miss Grace Palotta's part in "A Runaway Girl," and singing the now famous "Soldiers in the Park" song with notable success in many of the chief provincial cities. Last year she deserted comic opera to play the "principal girl's" part in "The Babes in the Wood," the pantomime which was given at the Royal Theatre, Manchester. In the new opera at Daly's she appears as Ko-Fan, the Captain of the Imperial Bodyguard—or, seeing that it is made up of women, perhaps the word ought to be written Captainess.

Mr. Martin Harvey, who has wisely cut forty-five minutes out of "Don Juan's Last Wager," has arranged to start an American tour in the beginning of November. He will open in New York with this play, and will doubtless "follow on" with "The Only Way," which has, however,

"Like It." "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Coriolanus." The last-named tragedy, like "Richard the Second," which Mr. Benson will, according to present arrangements, put on at the Lyceum to-morrow (Thursday), was some time ago contemplated by Sir Henry Irving. Neither "Richard the Second" nor "Coriolanus" has been regularly produced in London since the memorable Phelps season at Sadler's Wells, which theatre is now, in effect, a music-hall run on the "two-houses-per-night" system, with a twopenny gallery, a threepenny pit, and sixpenny private boxes!

There was a kind of a performance of "Richard the Second" in London a few years ago. The present writer saw it himself. The players (the members of the Shakspere Reading Society) wore the evening-dress of the present century. It looked rather strange



MR. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY, WHO PLAYS
LORD COLCHICUM IN "NURSE!"

Photo by Morrison, Chicago.

to see the weak Richard and the murderous Piers Exton denouncing each other in white ties and swallow-tails!

"Miss Tomboy" is the name of one of the latest plays threatened for importation from America. Mr. Robert Buchanan will doubtless make a memorandum of this fact, as he used this title for his adaptation of Vanbrugh's witty but wicked play, "The Relapse."

"Wildflower," a new musical play just tried by Mr. Willie Edouin in Brighton, is presently to be brought to London, with Mr. Edouin's bright and clever daughter, May, in the name-part. The play seems to have been enthusiastically received on its trial-trip.

"Her Majesty's Guests" is the name of a new pantomime-play to be produced by the Karrow Sketch Combination at the Prince of Wales's, Kennington, on the 26th inst. Two "phantom"-plays are also looming in the distance. They are entitled respectively "The Ghost in the Boarding-School" and "Spooks."

Mr. Wilson Barrett seems somewhat perplexed by the fact that, in adapting Henry K. Sienkiewicz's

story, "Quo Vadis," for the English stage, he is, in effect, injuring the copyright of his own play, "The Sign of the Cross," in consequence of the strong resemblance between the two works—a resemblance which, it appears, increases more and more as the new adaptation proceeds. As the idea of this resemblance has something of a Gilbertian touch, would it not be wise on Mr. Barrett's part to turn the new play into a comic opera?

In the meantime, Mr. Barrett is happy in the possession of a portrait of Sienkiewicz just to hand. The inscription to this portrait will perhaps interest those fond of endeavouring to expound cryptic utterances. The Polish author's inscription is as follows—

To Wilson Barrett:—Those of us in whom the Spirit of Hellas beats more powerfully consider the Beautiful a Necessity of Life; and search after it eagerly; but instinctively demand that Aspasia should have the Eyes of Beatrice.

There, I leave you to ponder upon that; but please understand that the Editor of *The Sketch* is not offering a prize for the first solution of this mysterious utterance.

If I am asked to name the four most popular and diverting pieces in London, I should select the brilliant and amusing "Messenger Boy," at the Gaiety, the Geisha-like "San Toy," at Daly's, rollicking "Florodora," at the Lyric, and the Sullivan-esque "Rose of Persia," at the Savoy.



MISS ETHEL CLINTON, WHO IS TO APPEAR AS A SEDUCTIVE
SOCIETY WIDOW IN "NURSE!"

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

already been somewhat extensively played in the States—where the "Sapho" suppressors come from.

I regret to learn that both Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Clement Scott have been very ill in America. Happily, both were convalescent, according to latest advices.

In consequence of Sir Henry Irving's extension of his American tour, Mr. F. R. Benson has arranged for a continuance of his Lyceum season. Owing to this extension, Mr. Benson will be able to add several other very interesting plays to the already lengthy list he had booked at the Lyceum. These additional plays will include "As You



MR. FRED EASTMAN, WHO PLAYS
MAJOR WALKER-WILSON IN "NURSE!"

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Special Trains for Cyclists—Professor Lombroso and Cycling—The Position of the Cyclists' Touring Club—The Ride Round Australia—Cycling and Civility.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 14, 7.2; Thursday, 7.4; Friday, 7.6; Saturday, 7.7; Sunday, 7.8; Monday, 7.9; Tuesday, 7.11.

Railway companies are like sheep. They are stubborn; but when one goes over the hedge, the others quickly follow. For a long time the great lines have regarded the cyclist as almost an enemy of the human race, and have apparently done everything they could to prevent his having the accommodation which is willingly granted to other people. The fisherman wanting to go into the country for a day's sport gets a cheap return-ticket. A cyclist, however, who wants to get away from the din and smoke of city life not only has to pay the ordinary fare, but also heavily for his machine, and has no compensation if a clumsy porter throws a milk-can on the top of it and smashes the spokes.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway are, as I was able to intimate some weeks ago, about to show the way to the other lines. With the coming of May they intend to run a special train from Victoria Station down to Dorking. Wheelmen and wheelwomen who are shut up in London all the week will thus have an opportunity of a spin in the most beautiful county in England. Seven or eight hours can be enjoyed in the lanes of Surrey, and then the train brings you back in the evening. The cost for this will be within the ordinary return-ticket fare, and there will be nothing extra for the cycle.

Other companies, when they see the success of the cyclist train, must assuredly follow the example of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. The Great Northern Company, which for long has been the only one that has not regarded the cyclist coolly, will follow suit, and I understand that the Great Eastern Company are already arranging for the issue of circular-tickets to cyclists. All this is excellent, and we have good reason to rejoice. Those of us who live in London find the long ride through the streets and suburbs rather wearisome until the fresh country is reached. Now, in the coming summer, there will be an opportunity for us to get within half-an-hour or so into the land of sunshine and green leaves.

An action for libel might almost be lodged against the great criminologist, Professor Lombroso, for his having declared of late that crime is on the increase, and that the bicycle is apparently the root of all evil. Nevertheless, he shows that cycling is a promising remedy for alcoholism and excessive mental work. But still, as to wrong-doing, he suggests a new proverb, "Cherchez la bicyclette." One of the instances he gives is that of a wealthy young cyclist who, with his brother, "started on a tour round the world in a fashion much in vogue with budding criminals." Now, I could write with the greatest ease the names of three men who have actually made the tour of the world on bicycles, and one of them at this moment is actually blushing at the accusation that he is a "budding criminal." Anyway, he feels satisfaction he is only "budding," and has not yet reached the hardened state.

This last week I have seen a good many complaints regarding the big deficit in the finances of the Cyclists' Touring Club. Certainly, investigation of the figures is not very reassuring. Each of the sixty thousand members contribute five shillings a-year, and of this exactly two-and-ninepence-halfpenny is consumed in "office management." That, undoubtedly, is a pretty stiff figure. Then, "salaries" during the last year amounted to £4344 13s. 11d., which is more than a fourth of the total income. The stationery bill came to over £24 a-week, and the correspondence swallowed up £1338 19s. 2d. in the year. Further, it is estimated that at the end of the coming year there will be an adverse balance of £2633 2s. 11d. The outlook is not promising.

It is to be conceded that the C.T.C. gives its members value for their money. The discount on hotel-bills during a short cycling tour pays the annual five shillings over and over again. Then the *C.T.C. Gazette*, though as stodgy and dull as a law magazine, is well produced, and, with postage to members, probably costs not far off the five shillings a-year. All this, however, has absolutely nothing to do with the charge that is made that the management of the Club is extravagant. The officers, of course, should be well paid for their labour; but if they cannot conduct the Club so as to keep the expenditure within the bounds of income, their occupation will soon be gone, for the association will be landed in bankruptcy. Not for a moment do I anticipate this. There are many points in which saving can be achieved, and one of the principal is that an endeavour should be made that the *Gazette* be accepted by the Post Office as a newspaper, which would effect a saving of a considerable sum a-year.

The *C.T.C. Gazette*, as everybody knows, is issued monthly. Many members are agitating that it appear every fortnight, and even some of them are anxious for it to come out once a week. If the governing body of the Club is wise, it will have nothing to do with such suggestions. Members look forward to receiving their *Gazette* monthly, but, were it issued at lesser intervals, it would be thinner in substance, and the average man would speedily grow tired of its weekly appearance in the letter-box.

As my readers will have seen from the figures I gave last week, there is a tremendous falling off in the membership of the C.T.C. Those of us who do a good deal of cycling, and are really anxious for the sport's welfare, do not in a way regret this fact. I think many of the club's present members are people who joined not because they were enthusiastic about wheeling, but simply because their friends belonged to it, and they regarded becoming a member as the proper thing. The fair-weather, lackadaisical cyclists have, no doubt, lost their enthusiasm. Cycling with them was a craze, and, like all other crazes, it is past.

I am very glad the C.T.C. has dropped its peculiar plan of sending out paragraphs to the Press stating the distinguished personages who have joined the club within the preceding month. This plan was the very worst type of snobbishness. It was quite accurate, of course, that the Duchess of This and the Countess of That, Lord Thingamy, the Hon. Bobby So-and-So, and the Lady Evelina Something-else had become members of the club, and, although these people are doubtless charming representatives of the British aristocracy, they joined the club presumably simply because they were cyclists, and nothing but snobbishness would have led to their names being selected from the thousands of equally good wheelers—the plain Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons—who also joined in the same period.

Many months ago, I wrote something on this page stating that an Australian named Arthur Richardson proposed to ride right round that continent. The latest advice from "down under" is that he has completed his laborious and lonesome journey. The entire distance, which he started off to accomplish in June of last year, was eleven thousand miles, and the way led through wild country and over dreary and waterless plains. In the minds of many people, such a ride might be regarded as a foolhardy feat. If it was taken for purely advertisement purposes, I have nothing to say in defence of it. But if Richardson took the journey because he liked a rough life, I can conceive nothing more enjoyable. Only those people who have spent months on the desert, or wading swamps, or have lived under a blazing sun, can know the real joy of such an existence. Many cyclists that I talk to are surprised that I prefer a lonely ride to travelling with companions. It is a question of temperament. Some people are never happy unless they have someone to talk to, and some folks like to be alone. Personally, I enjoy the country much better when I am travelling companionless. It is not unsociability; it is merely a desire to enjoy the calm of nature.

Does cycling corrupt good manners? I have seen it argued that it does. In ordinary circumstances, a gentleman, seeing a lady in distress, readily offers his assistance; but if a lady punctures her tyre three miles from a station and a man cyclist overtakes her, it is a hundred to one that he will simply ride past, while it might be expected that the proper thing to do would be to dismount and offer to repair the tyre. Speaking as a man, I think the apparent churlishness on the part of men towards lady cyclists, in not dismounting and offering help, is due to the incivility they often get from ladies in return. A personal incident will explain. A little while ago, I was riding in Surrey, and suddenly came across a couple of ladies by the roadside attempting rather hopelessly to mend a puncture in one of their tyres. As they were doing it bunglingly, I thought I might be of some assistance, and wheeled round and offered my help. The only reply I got was to be snubbed. "No, thank you," said one of the ladies; "I think we can manage ourselves." "But you will never mend it that way," I observed, as I recognised they had the very haziest of notions of what should be done. "We can quite well do it without your help, thank you," was the curt retort I got. Whereupon I simply got on my wheel and rode away, vowing that all the ladies in the land could have burst tyres before I would again offer my assistance.

J. F. F.

LÉON SAMUEL, THE GALLOP BOER ARTILLERYMAN.

The two officers from Creusot who have been directing the artillery service of the Boers turn out to be Jews, one of them born in Asia, which does not hinder the French Anti-Semites from appropriating for France the honours of their prowess. The French newspapers are so anxious to disguise their race and absorb their glory that they have not hesitated to modify the name of one of them, which was too glaringly Hebrew. "M. Léon" is said to have decided and directed all the Boer sieges, while his comrade, Grunberg, directed the manufacture of projectiles at Pretoria. He is said to have spent his nights in hoisting "Long Tom" on to dizzy heights, and his days in directing the revictualling of the camps. "In the laagers," says a French authority, "where everyone knows him, they attribute to him a supernatural power. In what concerns the artillery, all the authority of a Generalissimo has been delegated to him."

This energetic "M. Léon," probably the ablest of the foreigners, adventurers, and others whom the war has drawn to the Transvaal, and who is said to have been killed the other day near Kimberley, counts for nothing in the French mutilation of his name, since, in shaking the dust of France from his feet, he left behind him in the Annuary of the École Centrale the following indication: "Léon Samuel, born at Smyrna, P.O. Box 1529, Johannesburg, Transvaal." One may hazard the opinion, then, that M. Samuel did not go to the Transvaal solely to work for the glory of France; that he, perhaps, weighed the slim chances he would have of being credited with glory in handling "Long Tom" under some General Mercier, and took the first opportunity to escape to a country where his acts would be judged on their merit. The fate of Dreyfus cannot be calculated to encourage Jewish officers in France.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Sale at Kingsclere.

Waterloo has been once more avenged, and Flying Fox goes to France. The Kingsclere sale is over and done with, but it will live long in the memory of sportsmen, for it smashed all records hollow. Despite the fact that John Porter's domain is difficult to reach from London, and that



THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTENDS THE SALE OF THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S RACEHORSES AT KINGSCLERE.

Her Majesty was to appear in the Metropolis, the trains to Newbury and Basingstoke were crowded, and the arrangements for lunching seven hundred only just met the case. Among those present at the ring-side were the Prince of Wales (who looked very well and appeared to enjoy the visit to his old training quarters immensely) and Prince Christian (who seldom misses morning work at either Epsom, Goodwood, or Newmarket, and who is nearly, if not quite, as good a judge of horseflesh as the Duke of Cambridge or the Lord Chief Justice of England). Lady Jeune and a number of ladies were present, and others noticed in the crowd were M. E. Blanc, Lord William Beresford, Lord Marcus Beresford, Hon. Cecil Parker, Lord Coventry, Captain England, Mr. Alexander, Sir G. Thursby, Mr. G. J. Thursby, Mr. W. Low, Mr. E. Beddington, Mr. W. H. Gilbey, M. Michel Ephrussi, Mr. Warner, Mr. Turner, Mr. Purcell Gilpin, Mr. T. Simpson Jay, Mr. S. B. Joel, Mr. J. B. Joel, Mr. E. Bird, Mr. J. W. Smith, Hon. Cecil Howard, Mr. Taylor Sharpe, Mr. Brodrick Cloete, Mr. C. D. Rose, Sam Darling, "Morny" Cannon, Charles Wood, J. Wood, Kempton Cannon, Charles Archer, C. Peck, J. Chandler, Harry Bates, R. Chapman (the late Duke's stud-groom), S. Loates, W. G. Stevens, and Alfred Day.

Prices. Before the sale started, Mr. Tattersall predicted that the proceeds of the twenty lots would reach £70,000. As a matter of fact, £70,440 was realised. J. Waugh gave 2000 guineas for Good Luck, who may win the City and Suburban. That plucky and lucky sportsman, Sir John Thursby, purchased Calveley for 7900 guineas.



SALE OF THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S RACEHORSES: SOME OF THE HORSES WAITING TO GO INTO THE SALE-RING.

This horse had received 14 lb. and a beating from Flying Fox, but he is a good-bred one. I fancy His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales made a good purchase in acquiring Vane, a sister to Flying Fox, for 4400 guineas, and I am glad to see that His Royal Highness still thinks

that only good horses should be used for breeding from. Goblet, who is by Grey Leg, was purchased by Sir Blundell Maple for 5000 guineas. I was very glad indeed to see three lots bought for the Duke of Westminster. These were Missel Thrush (900 guineas), Grey Bird (1900 guineas), and Rydal Mount (1700 guineas). Mr. S. B. Joel bought Manchuria for 2300 guineas, perhaps to get the Orme strain. Garb Or (two years) went to Mr. T. Simpson Jay for 1000 guineas, and Ormenus, a two-year-old, by Orme, to Sam Darling for 1700 guineas. Quest, by Orme, was sold to Mr. Brodrick Cloete for 1000 guineas.

Flying Fox. Of course, the excitement was great when Flying Fox, No. 7 in the catalogue, was brought into the ring. Mr. Tattersall announced the reserve at 30,000 guineas, which amount Mr. J. B. Joel at once bid. Then M. Blanc offered 500 guineas more, and the two gentlemen ran the bidding up to 34,000 guineas, when Mr. Joel retired. Then Mr. P. Gilpin, who was acting on behalf of Mr. Whitney, the American millionaire, came upon the scene, and the bidding was carried to 37,500 guineas, when there was no response to the auctioneer's invitation for "any advance," and the hammer fell to a groan when it became known that M. Blanc had bought the horse of the century to go to France. The horse looked well, and he is bound to win the Cup at Ascot if he does not meet with any accident. It was, taken altogether, a splendid sale, and the only disappointment lay in the fact of our best horse having been sold to go out of the country. M. E. Blanc is one of a very few French sportsmen who have often run their horses in England. He is very likely to win the Epsom Oaks this year with Lucee II.

Bicycle Stables Wanted.

Clerks of Courses must supply stables for bicycles at their meetings, as in the near future ladies and gentlemen will go to the meetings on their bikes. All of which reminds me of a very funny story told to me the other day by a well-known teacher of Science. This learned man had occasion to



SALE OF THE LATE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S RACEHORSES: FLYING FOX IN THE RING. BOUGHT BY M. BLANC FOR 37,500 GUINEAS.

ride his bicycle to the British Museum, and to put it in one of the penny-in-the-slot clips while he went inside to consult the oracle. Judge of his surprise on coming out again to find that he had no money at all in his pocket. What to do he did not know, but, on suddenly remembering a friend of his was in business in the City, he trudged off to the spot, only to find that his friend had gone home. Happy thought! He had his cheque-book, so he hied him off to his wholesale chemists and bought goods for his laboratory, taking care to draw the cheque for even money—a few shillings more than the amount of the bill. Back he hied him to the Museum, to find that the clip had not fastened close, and that he might have got his bicycle in the first place for nothing! This is a true story, and it reminds one very forcibly of the tale told of the man who wound up his clock every night for forty years, only to discover at the end of that time that it was an eight-day timepiece.

Long-Distance Races.

According to present calculations, the long-distance races will yield well this year, and it is to be hoped that owners will do all they can to encourage events like the Great Metropolitan and Chester Cup, two of the prettiest races of the whole year. For the Epsom event the Continental men offer 12 to 1 on the field. Of the known performers, King's Messenger, Sly Fox, Chubb, Mitcham, Ultimatum, and Baldur are doing good work. Thurling, Villiers, and Battalion II. have been jumping, and should be fit on the day, and it is said Labrador has gained confidence since last year. If this is the case, he should go close, as 6st. 12 lb., with young Hare up, is a winning weight. For the Chester Cup, Tom Cringle has been backed at 12 to 1, and the Ascot Stakes winner is entitled to respect, but I do not like his colour. Baldur and Mitcham have followers at 14 to 1; the last-named has improved wonderfully since he has been under the charge of Watson, one of the best of the Newmarket trainers.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

THE ides of March will be shorn of a good deal of the usual poetry attaching to them in the eyes of the anticipatory débutante this year, for, though two Drawing-Rooms are in the bill of the month's social programme, neither the function that took place yesterday nor that which will be held to-morrow can be said to "point the moral or adorn the tale" of gaiety which the ordinary Season contains.

With nearly all our men at "the front," and but a significant vacuum in the Club-window and at other haunts where the golden youth of Britain do ordinarily assemble, it is a foregone conclusion that the always preponderating Eternal Feminine must now swell the surplusage of the sexes still more noticeably, and that the ubiquitous British Matron, with a bevy of daughters to marry, will need all her constitutional buoyancy to pilot her through this era of absence and unborn opportunity.

Meanwhile, "men may come and men may go"—the verb they all are, indeed, busily conjugating at the moment—but Fashion and the changes thereof go on undisturbedly for ever, and in some of the Court-dresses to which this week will have first shown light there is an appreciable increase in the elaboration and ornamentation which marked even those of last Season's history. Chiffon seems to figure more than ever in the trimming of all these gowns, and flounces upon flounces, each again edged with minute ruchings of the same material, are piled one upon the other in the most fearless, frothy, and effective extravagance. The charming little sashes introduced by Worth, which twist once or twice round the figure and carry short fringed ends, either at the back or side, are noticeable on most of the new dresses, and make a brilliant effect when worn under the bolero, which still queens it in smart costumes. Many of the Court- and elaborate dinner-dresses are treated with a design of conventional flowers or leaflets, arranged in various patterns, which are thrown on to the plain background of the silk, and are outlined with dainty white silk tambour-stitching. The most charming combinations possible can be negotiated in this manner—white satin flowerlets or rose-leaves, for instance, on a rose or pink background; or a pattern of blue and mauve foliage on a pale-green gown has been made to look effective to the last degree.

Many of the soft satins which will be much in use this Season for the trailing draperies we now universally affect will be covered all over with large leaves of painted chiffon, sewn on with the white satin tambour-stitching aforesaid of which the French milliners are making such a speciality. None of the Court-dresses will, of course, be so smart as those which boast diaphanous trains, and many of these will be festooned and bordered with lightly introduced painted gauze flowers, while fringe and lace will edge others.

Painted mouselines, with little Louis Quinze bouquets, as well as larger posies of flowers in natural colours, have a very soft and lovely appearance. There are also a good many basket-work grenadines in pale tones, with differently coloured stripes, which are a complete novelty of the coming spring. Very light silk crêpes, some with floral designs and others printed all over with Japanese models, are also a good deal in the running for smart evening-frocks; while silk crêpons, powdered all over with velvet spots, either in black or contrasting shades, are another smart departure.

One of the loveliest frocks which will go to Court to-morrow is of white gauze, with narrow satin stripes, which are edged with narrow interwoven silk fringe; heavy appliqués of pale-pink panne in a lyre-like outline appear on both train and bodice, the medallions being reduced in size on the corsage. The girl who will wear this beautiful gown should look like an old Chelsea figure, for the style is made in the prevailing Watteau fashion, and the present mode of hair-dressing—turned back

loosely from the face—is exactly reminiscent of the picturesque days of the powdered *chevelure* worn with Pompadour panniers and posies. Another magnificent and imposing dress, to be worn by a young matron who is in slight mourning, is one of the new black nets, on which a design of flowers is beautifully carried out in oxidised cord and sequins mingled with steel. Deep bands of this embroidery, edged with festoons of narrow black fringe, forming loops between each scallop, are used to edge the train and skirt, while raised bosses of the embroidery ornament a bodice which is, indeed, a masterpiece of up-to-date ornamentation.

On a débutante's white dress, festoons of long chenille fringe are surmounted by a wide netted chenille heading, which is, by the way, reminiscent of seventy years ago, and again most ornamentally employed.

A fourth gown—if possible, more elaborate than any of the preceding—is built of white lace over white silk, a gold-tinselled thread being woven into the lace, which is of a bold pattern, each large flower and leaf being edged with a narrow bordering of white ostrich-feather. Nothing more absolutely beautiful than this soft, rich, and original style of decoration can be, as the lady novelist says, "either imagined or described."

I noticed when passing through Paris, and paying contingent homage to Madame Fashion at some of her chief temples, that the High Priests and Priestesses there are all favouring, as the most striking novelty in the matter of skirts, small draperies caught up on one side of tunic by an elaborately enamelled or jewel-set buckle. The pleats, to be very technical, are made to lie cross-wise on the hips, and sometimes pass under or through the second buckle, from whence they fall in a cascade of soft draperies reaching the base of the skirt. In walking, a very smart effect is obtained by this style, the pleats, when well arranged, opening with each motion, and falling back again into their intended places.

A dress made in similar fashion for the Princess of Monaco was in a sort of speckled woollen canvas in a pale pastel-blue shade. The gown was made over a separate foundation of mauve taffetas, and the skirt and bodice were most daintily trimmed with stitched bands of cloth laid on in a wavy design to match the silk foundation. Little rosettes of baby black velvet placed on the bolero, besides emphasising the harmony of the pale-mauve and blue shades, were most successful.

A red grenadine with white velvet spots, worn with a large black picture-hat made of tulle and feathers, was, again, one of the most striking ensembles in the "Rooms" this week. The sash of soft white silk, arranged round the waist in the Swiss-belt mode of ceinture, finishing in a *nœud*, with long, richly embroidered, and red-fringed ends, finished the costume. These sashes, by the way, when not forming part of the bodice, are boned, and fit perfectly to the figure.

A peep at one or two summer dresses which are going out to an

Embassy where equatorial heat is the rule of the Calendar revealed some delightfully embroidered "linon" gowns of quite transparent texture, which in different tones were shown over accordion-pleated linings of brilliant contrasting colour. The loveliest of four made in this style was a cream-coloured upper-skirt over an accordion-pleated bright-rose foundation. Incrustations of guipure added greatly to the effect. The short bolero of "linon" was drawn plainly over the pleated rose silk under-bodice, a charming design of guipure showing glimpses of the pink beneath.

Cloudiness being the order of ball-dresses, one going out by the same mail to the same exalted destination was made up in three shades of pale-pink tulle, the skirt being fully pleated, with charming appliqués of painted mouseline laid all over the skirt, somewhat simulating blush-rose and leaves. The combination of pinks and pale-greens on the tulle background produced quite a symphony of colour, most pleasing to the eye. There were some delicious summery-looking hats on the way too,



A RICHLY EMBROIDERED COSTUME FOR THE RIVIERA.

which made one long for June and its out-of-door opportunities. One of pale-green straw, trimmed with dainty moss-roses and the soft foliage of the flower, was helped to perfection by little black velvet rosettes backed by leaves of ivory lace appliquéd. A dainty toque made of cream-coloured chrysanthemums in delicate gauze, with rosettes and draperies of black tulle, was also, in its way, a masterpiece.

Again, another novelty, more of the moment than these devices of smiling summer, is the large crinoline picture-hat, which can be pinched into any shape that appeals to the wearer's taste. These delightfully becoming forms of *chapeaux* are usually in black or ivory; one milliner is trying to introduce coloured crinoline-straws, but they remain decidedly more *chic* in their original tones, and are at the moment trimmed with great garnitures of delicately painted velvet fruit, the most realistic possible strawberries, cherries, gooseberries, grapes, and even nuts, being freely employed on these smart *demi-saison* departures.

Jewellery also seems to become more efflorescent and ornate each month, the influence of Eastern symbols, to which I alluded last week, being shown in most of the new productions, as well as the always graceful Louis Quinze and Quatorze designs. Those who are interested in the most novel and artistic developments of the pearl and diamond set should, by the way, send to the Parisian Diamond Company for one of their elaborately got-up catalogues, a perusal of which will once more prove the scholarly and cultured taste which controls this important head-centre of gem-setting. At the moment, two particular forms of *bijouterie* to which woman's acquisitive instincts turn are the pearl- and diamond-clasped neck-collars, as well as the lately re-introduced ear-rings, both undoubtedly the most becoming form of gaud which can be possibly adopted. I cannot remember a single instance in which the diamond-clasp pearl collar can be voted otherwise than as undoubtedly enhancing its wearer's charms, and its use almost amounts to a uniform abroad, no well-bestowed woman considering herself adequately turned-out without the possession of a pearl collar. Practically the same may be said for pearl and diamond ear-rings, which are coming again into universal vogue at home, as they have always remained on the Continent.

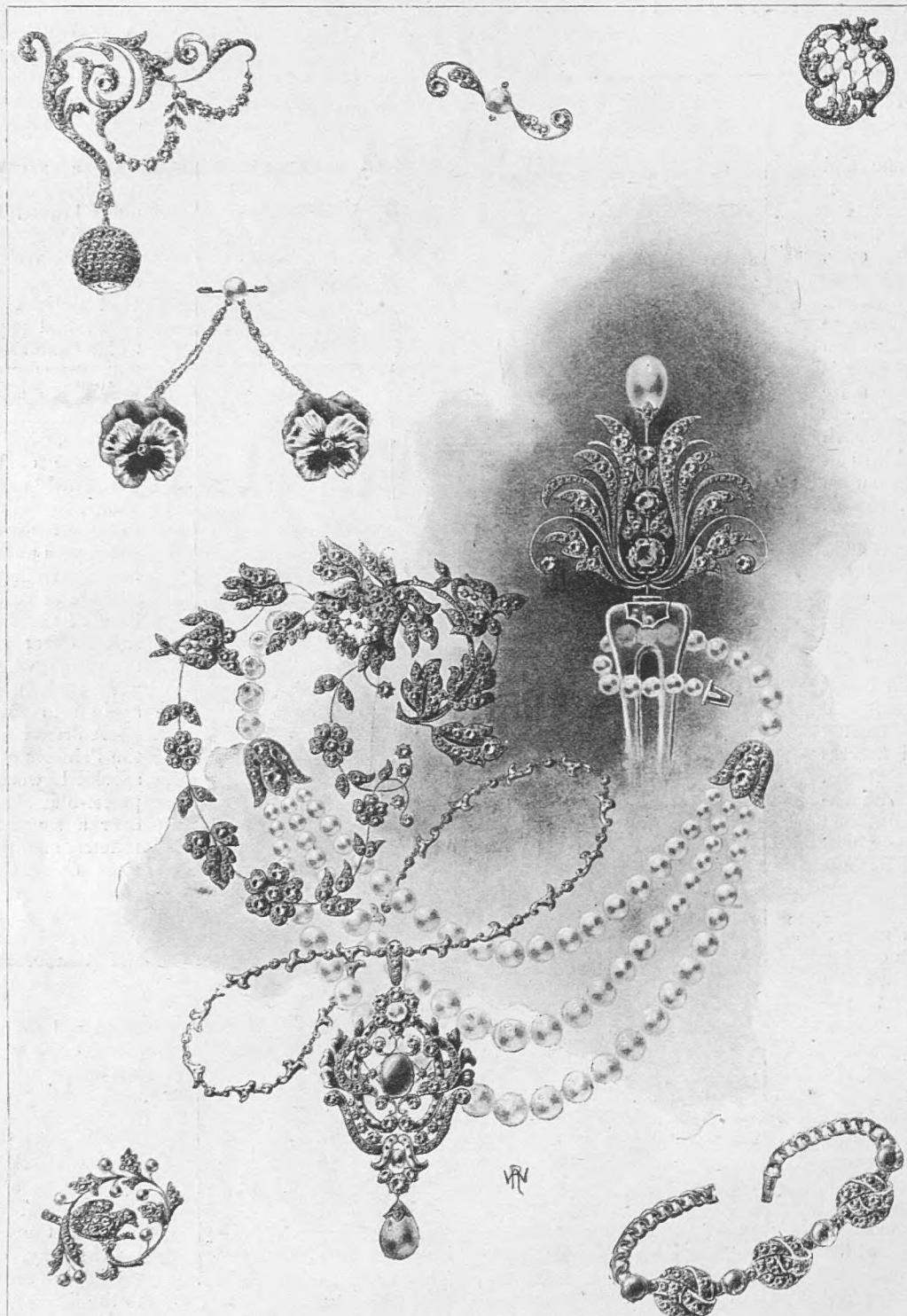
A department which the Parisian Diamond Company makes particularly its own is, as all women knoweth, the manufacture of those lustrous pearls with which the company's name is now indissolubly linked, and their long ropes of pearls, with pear-shaped diamond-cup ends, are certainly productions to be proud of, looking, as they do, worthy the classic king's ransom, and contrasting favourably in lustre and outline with even some of the finest strings of real gems.

Departing from the subject of adornment to the artistic background against which every well-bestowed woman in this renaissance of beautiful furniture should find herself favourably shown up, I am constrained to even an extreme meed of admiration for the originality, grace, and practical art displayed by Messrs. Graham and Banks, of Oxford Street, in some of the models which have lately been produced

by their notable firm. A little catalogue recently issued by them gives a few examples of the specialities in which they excel, and a visit to their warehouse will secure half-an-hour of uninterrupted enjoyment to anyone who has his "periods in plenishing" correctly by heart.

Everything, from the severely simple model of Jacobean oaken chair to the most elaborate development of furniture as it was under any one of the Three Louis, is designed with the knowledge of a master-craftsman, and built with the thoroughness of a conscientious old-time worker, in times when veneer was not and wardrobes put together by the thousand in East-End workshops were still undreamt of. Whatever reputations wax and wane, that of Graham and Banks should, of its own merits, undoubtedly increase and multiply.

As this week's pages are more than ordinarily devoted to the Passing of Fashion, or, perhaps more correctly, to the Coming of Chiffons, I want to get back, while the descriptive inflatus remains with me, to the summing-up of a gown brought down from Paris to Monte Carlo by an American whose dress-boxes, when spread out, should, as a mere matter of inference, have gone far to cover the little area of the Principality of Monaco itself. For four times daily did this indefatigable follower of fashion religiously change her garments, and, in staying at the same hotel, it was given me to observe that, during the course of a three-weeks' sojourn, she never appeared in the same frock twice. One's brain really reeled, or went some way towards doing so, when the attempt to remember even her chiefest successes came by for consideration. The most vivid impression brought away, perhaps, was that of the last morning on the "Terrace," when the revelation of how smart a merely blue taffetas can be made to look was given to all beholders by this same exponent of Transatlantic expenditure. Briefly, the dress was a masterpiece, and my imperfect description, as here truly set forth and summed up, is that a magnificent panel of rich cream guipure formed the front centre-piece and part of the sleeves to an inch or two below



NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

the elbow. On both sides of the guipure panel on skirt were set thirty or forty fine pleats of the silk, which spread a little at the end and contracted at the waist. Alternating with these pleats came a space of the same size of plain silk closely stitched in narrow lines with black silk, as were the pleats. Then came a second group of the pleats, followed by the alternating plain-stitched panels. The bodice was of stitched pleats, with curved bands of plain silk laid across it, and on the sleeves from below the elbow the pleated silk reappeared, forming the most perfectly turned-out costume which taffetas could be proved capable of evolving.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—I regret that your answer should have been delayed, but I have been abroad. If not too late to advise; I would certainly recommend you to get the dress made by Mrs. Watson, of Grafton Street. She cannot, perhaps, be called inexpensive, but she is always well in advance of the fashions, while her style and cut are a proverb.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 27.

THE WAR LOAN.

EVERYBODY is glad that the Nineteen-day Account has come to an end. We were rather amused at the shocked attitude adopted by some of the daily newspapers at the dealing which took place in "Khakis" (as the War Loan is called) before the Loan itself appeared. Some people seem to think it a heinous sin that the Consol Market should behave itself in the same way as the Miscellaneous department. Of course, this is all moonshine, and it would indeed have been surprising if the Stock Exchange had not begun fluttering in "Khaki" until the National 2½ per cent. War Loan at 98½ had made its débüt. The stock is undoubtedly worth par at least. On the price of issue, the return to an investor is twopence under 56s., considerably better than that on Consols, when one remembers that the latter stock degenerates into a 2½ per cent. security in three years' time, and, moreover, "Khakis" are repayable at par in 1910. The popularisation of the issue by making the instalments payable on ten different dates is a capital idea, and points conclusively to the fact that the Government intends to rope in the small investor, who will, of course, be only too glad to get the stock. Consols are likely to go to 98 at least, since investors who can get the War Loan at 1½ or 2 premium will sell their Goschens and buy Hicks-Beachs—the best thing they can do, under the circumstances. Perhaps it is a pity that the Government should have asked for 3 per cent. deposit upon application, instead of waiting until the allotment to claim any money; but the Money Market is bearing the strain upon its resources with remarkable ease, and the War Loan will take high rank as the first successful promotion of the year 1900 A.D.

By-the-bye, was it an intentional omission or a mere slip that the prospectus omitted to state when the lists would close?

THE YANKEE MARKET.

A bubonic plague is something really new for the Yankee Market, and to 'Frisco belongs the honour of starting this absolutely fresh creation in the history of Shorter's Court. Yellow fever is, of course, as old as the hills, and always comes on when the Americans

want to lay in a few Louisville and Southern Pacifc. Presidential and other by-elections form the staple of every bear in the market, and bad bank-statements are so stale that they are beginning to lose their effect. This is why the Yankee Market arranged a bubonic plague at San Francisco, and the yielding of prices which ensued gives the speculator a favourable opportunity of picking up a few shares at a not too heavy over-capitalisation. Louisville are distinctly worth buying for a sharp profit; we would advise no speculator to go for more than a two-dollar turn in these shares at the present time. Atchison Preference are confidently talked up to 75, and should therefore be sold. Unfortunately, the London Market is full of bears now, which rather assists the operators for the rise over the water. Nevertheless, Atchison Preference should be sold on any further "bulge," to adopt a Wall-Streetism. The Milwaukee dividend is causing more talk than speculation. "Milks," like Brighton "A," have sown their wild oats and settled down to sober steadiness. Of the cheaper shares, Eries and Missouri should have a twist up shortly, and the market is talking of a coming rise in Denver Common.

KAFFIRS.

The state of dead-and-aliveliness into which the Kaffir Circus has fallen is a mystery to many of its own jobbers, much more to outsiders; but, of course, the true explanation lies in the facts to which we drew attention last week, when we remarked that the Stock Exchange had bought itself shares in the hope of the public coming in to relieve it after Ladysmith—at higher prices, of course—which the public was wise enough not to do. The situation has now reached a highly interesting position, which amounts to something not far short of a deadlock. In the market the sentiment prevails that another three or four months will see the end of the war, so that dealers and professionals do not relish the idea of selling. On the other hand, nobody seems to want Kaffirs, and so long as the outside public—who, after all, is the boom-maker—persists in sitting on the fence, Kaffirs cannot go sustainedly better. Moreover,

the delightful uncertainty as to what condition the mines will be found in after the war is over is another disturbing feature. Accordingly, the market is in a half-and-half frame of mind, bullish one moment and bearish the next. We see nothing better to advise than the line which we have taken up ever since the war began. Those who hold Kaffirs, be they gold-mining or land shares, can safely keep them till peace-times; those who want to enter the market should buy only when everything is flat, and should remember that the land-share "boom" is likely to precede a rise in gold-mining descriptions. If we could forecast the date when peace breaks out and Lord Roberts asks the Stock Exchange for a subscription towards endowing a College for Ignorant Boers, we could say when the revival will come. But that passes even our powers, as "The House-Haunter" would remark in his bashful way, and the most sanguine member of the Stock Exchange says that the war will not be completely over until May.

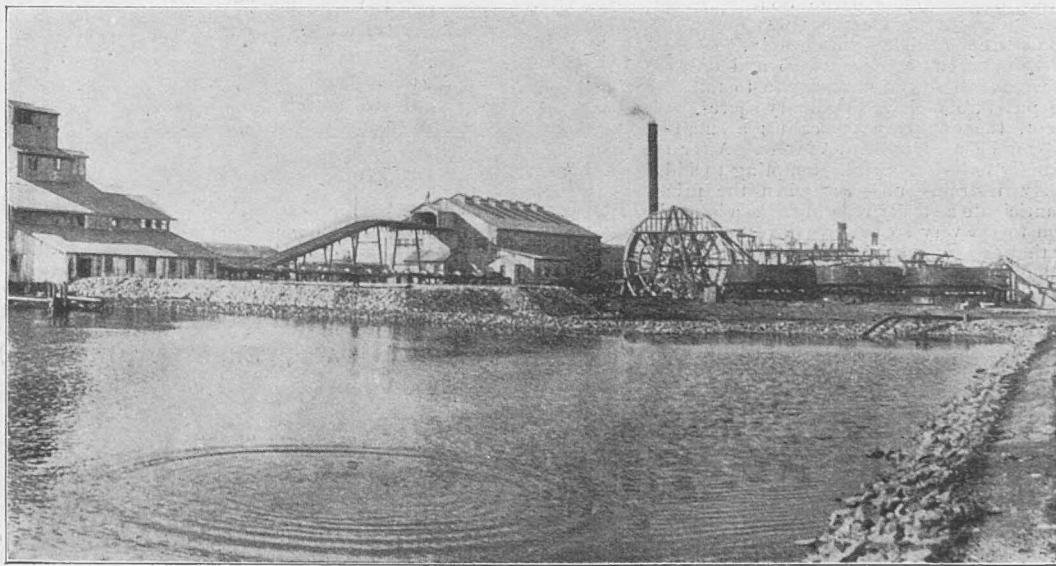
MRS. LIONEL PHILLIPS AND HER RECOLLECTIONS.

Our illustration this week is taken from the well-known book by Mrs. Lionel Phillips, which recounts her "South African Recollections." As Macaulay's schoolboy would know, Mr. Lionel Phillips was a member of the Reform Committee at the time of the Jameson Raid, one of those taken prisoner immediately after that unhappy event. Mrs. Phillips describes in vivid and interesting fashion the experiences of herself and her husband at that trying time, and the book, dealing largely with the Transvaal question, is one of the most fascinating that has appeared upon this all-absorbing subject.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.
It would be, of course, superfluous to remark that I could have made a much better affair of the Budget than the Chancellor of the Exchequer has done.

And, speaking from what I have heard all round the House, anyone could have done it better—any Stock Exchange man, at all events. Not that we want to complain, by any means. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has, no doubt, done the best that in him lies, and he might have done it worse; but, after all, when you come to consider it quietly, a sixty millions is a lot of money to spend on an avoidable quarrel. The deal, however, has got to be carried through, *coute quo coute*, and the country will not grudge handing over 5 per cent. of (what it assesses as) its income to the Inland Revenue department for one year, anyway. And there is to be no new issue of Consols, for which we ought to be



FERREIRA DEEP.

Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Lionel Phillips.

truly thankful or unthankful, as our tastes may lead us, and Goschens gracefully soared up to the premium when the joyful (or melancholy) news became known.

No, I shouldn't buy Consols over par as an investment for Trust-money. There are now to be obtained several Trust stocks that yield a mere fraction under 3 per cent., and it must be remembered that the interest on the Funds is coming down to 2½ per cent. in three years' time. One of the best things to buy in this market is India 2½ per cent. stock, which, although it does not yield quite 3 per cent., stands a much better chance of a rise than Consols. The price is about 89. But what is the use of advising anything nowadays in the face of the new War Loan!

The Stock Exchange Committee come up for re-election next week, and it would be well if some of the grievances of members could be rammed home the while my thirty fellow-members are wondering whether any opposition will be made to their election. Before making any suggestions, I would just like to say that, antiquated and slow as are some of the methods employed by the Committee, the Stock Exchange is well governed by its ruling body, which gets no profit except that of the honour attached to the office. No one is qualified for a seat at the Committee-table until he has been a member of the House for five years, and the Stock Exchange Fathers who framed that regulation were wise in their generation. But while all honour is due to the thirty who devote a good deal of their time to the irksome and thankless duties of the Committee, there is a keen feeling round the House that the body, as a whole, wants new blood and younger. Half the present Committee-men do not understand the needs of the present race of Housemen. One member of the Committee, than whom there are few more respected and liked in the Stock Exchange, is actually opposed to the idea of a Clearing House altogether, and would have all tickets passed from hand to hand without any aid from the Settlement Department at all! The very idea is too preposterous to be discussed amongst latter-day members, and yet here is one of our Committee so far behind the times as to imagine that such a scheme would be even feasible! He might just as well say that the country could get along without railways.

The new North British directors are certainly distinguishing themselves. They have managed to pay a dividend on the Ordinary stock at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum, which is ½ per cent. less than it was a year ago, and this without wiping out that unpleasant item of £27,500, carried forward from the bad-debt suspension account, which has therefore to go forward once more, to be paid off or not in the current half-year. The Scotch stocks are disappointing all their staunchest supporters, and it is difficult to see why either British or Coras should be "bulled" at present. If anyone wants a likely speculation in this market, why not Little Chats? The price is temptingly low, and the company should benefit, together with the South-Eastern, by the Continental traffics of the next

six months. Chatham Seconds are a market tip on the bull tack, but it misgives me when the thought of what the dividend will be forces itself, like Thomas A., to the front. Saras (Great Central "A") are abominably flat, but they are a doubtful speculation, and all kinds of rumours as to the company's position are rife. Coming to London without the proverbial half-crown in its pocket, the Great Central must sigh with envy at the happy fate of that young gentleman whose father gave him that coin, and who, as we are musically told at the Savoy Theatre—

" . . . came to town, where I said that I
Was owner of an island,
Where the sea-birds flocked—and by-and-by
The gulls did flock to my land!
As a sample soil I had mixed some loam
With gold, to make it gritty;
A prophet I'd never been made at home—
But made one in the City!"

For that gold of mine was a mine of gold,
That set the town a-whirling;
So the public and the land I sold
For half-a-million sterling.
As the Romans do, you must do in Rome
(Where thieves are called *banditti*);
But impudent robbery spells, at home,
Promotion in the City."

Gold-mining, however, has its downs as well as its ups. Yes, I know it's a trite remark; but when one thinks of all the bulls of Kaffirs who laid in stock to sell on Ladysmith Day, one has no heart to be anything but commonplace. It is a singular thing, but even now people do not understand why Kaffirs did not "boom" when Dundonald and White shook hands. There is nothing to be surprised at, as my Editor pointed out last week, in what I guess he thought was an awful slap at the Stock Exchange. We had all bought ourselves some shares (What did I buy? Some Transvaal Consolidated Lands, if you wish to know, and I could have got them cheaper by waiting), and our clients had a few as well, and we were all going to sell and make a profit, and—and, of course we didn't, because we were all the same way. Nobody else came in to take our shares, and so we were left in the cart for the time being, simply because there were too many to get out of it. That there will be a sharp rise in Kaffirs—particularly Rhodesians and Land shares—when peace is concluded, no one can doubt. Chatting to the director of a large South African Financial Corporation the other day, I asked what his company was doing. "Laying in stock whenever we see an opportunity for buying it cheaply," he replied.

I am glad that Bolckow Vaughans have risen to 25 and over. Readers of mine who bought at 20½ or thereabouts should not hesitate to take their profits. Some of the money might be put into Weldon's Ordinary shares, which make a quiet, well-paying investment, the Company possessing a small capital and doing very well. The rest can be used up with Vickers. After the dividend announcement the price naturally fell—it is awfully tempting to add, "as I said it would," but my modesty restrains me—but when the price is quoted ex-dividend and ex-rights I anticipate a steady recovery. As a long-shot, perhaps Colt Guns are worth attention to the very speculative investor. The prospectus was a poor affair, but I hear that the company is doing very well, and the shares can be secured at a painful discount. The Special Settlement has not yet taken place.

Hard as it is, I must even do it. Only the exigencies of space shall ever compel the separation of his gentle readers from their rough—HOUSE-HAUNTER.

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM SHARES.

No one who was in the least acquainted with the general tone of Russian financial administration credited for a moment the story so widely circulated of the Government intending to buy out the vast private interests centred in the oil industry, for the purpose of creating a monopoly, upon the pattern of the tobacco or match monopolies of France, and we doubt if even the circulator of the "yarn" really hoped to affect prices by its propagation. The recent buying of Russian Oil shares is explained by the very flourishing state of the industry, as may be seen from the figures which follow, and which apply to one concern alone, namely, the Russian Petroleum and Liquid Fuel Company. The production for the week ending March 3 was 700,000 poods. For the corresponding week last year the production was only 376,735 poods. The production for the past twenty-five weeks of the current financial year is 17,645,000 poods, and for the corresponding period last year 12,425,701 poods. The increase amounts to 6,219,299 poods. The third year of the company's life promises to be as phenomenally successful as the first. The price, too, of crude oil has substantially improved, and under the circumstances it is no wonder that the shares of this concern, the Schibaieff Petroleum, and the other substantial companies in the same line of business have of late been the medium of very substantial buying.

THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF MEXICO.

Of all the Spanish-American States there can be no doubt that Mexico is far and away the most financially sound, thanks to the prudent and enlightened course of government adopted by President Diaz for many years. The Finance Minister's Budget and estimates for the year ending June 30 next are worth a careful study by those of our readers who on our advice have either bought the Government or Municipal bonds or Railway securities of this country. The full figures can be obtained by anyone who will take the trouble to write to the Mexican Government Agency in London; but for those of our readers who are disinclined to take either the trouble of obtaining the documents or the labour of studying them, we may say that the total revenue is estimated at just over 58,000,000 Mexican dollars, or an increase of about two million dollars over the preceding year, and the forecast appears to be based on estimates moderate in every way; if it is realised, there will be a small surplus. It is true that the purists of British finance would probably desire to remodel the methods by which some of this expected revenue is raised—as, for example, the 615,000 dollars to be derived from the national lotteries, or the 628,000 dollars of revenue obtained from export duties: but the idiosyncrasies of every country require recognition even by its Finance Minister, and methods of

raising revenue which would be unsuited to a very highly civilised country may be exactly what is required among a less elaborately organised community. The recent conversion of the Foreign Debt relieves the country's burden for interest and sinking fund by 1,700,000 dollars, and in every direction there appears a bright future for Mexico and Mexican securities if the present prudent courses are continued. One danger, and one danger alone, as far as we can see, is to be feared. It consists in the fact that President Diaz is mortal, and none of us know what will happen when he dies.

SPIRITS, BEER, AND THE BUDGET.

Our opinion of the Budget, as a whole, is that, if the Ministry had wished to inflict a fine upon the public spirit of the country, it could not have gone more effectually to work than it has done to accomplish such an object; but we have neither the space nor the inclination to inflict upon our readers a review of the whole finance of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Many of our readers are Brewery shareholders, and considerable uncertainty appears to be felt as to what will be the effect of the Chancellor's proposals upon profits. In the case of distilleries, this extra duty will probably not affect the shareholder; in the higher-class trade the extra tax will be put on to the price of the article, while in the public-house further dilution will shift the incidence of taxation to the shoulders of the consumer by giving him a trifle less for his money.

With Brewers the position is not so clear. A few of the leading concerns trade upon their reputation and cater for free business, and these will probably find that they must, for their own sakes, keep up the quality of the article they sell; perhaps half the extra shilling a barrel may be made up by the larger use of maize, rice, and suchlike substitutes for malt, but, undoubtedly, the brewers whose business is chiefly "free trade" will have to pay a portion of the new tax out of profits.

The vast majority, however, of breweries (especially those whose Ordinary shares are widely distributed) make their profits out of "tied house" trade, and we have little doubt that in this class of concern the specific gravity of the beer will be slightly reduced, and the use of rice, maize, and sugars increased sufficiently to shift the whole of the extra shilling on to the consumer, who will not be asked to pay more, but will get an inferior article for his money.

Of course, in some companies (especially where profits have for years not been over-great) these expedients have been used to their extreme limit before the increase of duty, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer's new impost will form a first-rate excuse for reduction of dividend. On the whole, the consumer will contribute more than the Brewery shareholder to the war-chest.

Saturday, March 10, 1900.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MORTY.—We, at any rate, did not put you off buying the "B" Bonds, for, if we remember rightly, we told you that our opinion agreed with that of Messrs. Murrieta. The Central Uruguay Western appears to us a good second-class investment. The price has not been 85, or anywhere near that figure. As to the Treasury Bonds, they are also a good second-class investment which you may well hold if you want to get 6½ per cent. for your money.

CHIN.—The Nitrate position is viewed very favourably in the House, and it is said that prices of raw material will rise considerably this spring, the current report being that one private firm has bought up all available supplies. You must take this for what it is worth.

A. P. W.—(1) The Associated position is very uncertain, and the Chairman's latest telegram is not encouraging. As you say, it is a scandal that so many West Australian managers should have sent over misleading information, and it would be a good thing if some arrangement could be made for the leading mines to combine and pay an inspector to visit the properties and send confidential reports to the Boards every month or so. (2) The Inter-Oceanic Ordinary shares are, of course, a speculative chance, but you had better lock them up for a year or so.

VIXEN.—Yes.

CAPEL COURT.—There is going to be a reconstruction of some sort, and we are very sorry we ever recommended the shares even as a speculation. Don't buy any more at present.

Z.—Your letter did not reach us in time to make inquiries about the Financial Corporation, but, speaking off-hand, we strongly urge you to have nothing to do with the company or its shares. We will try to reply more in detail next week, if we can get the information you want.

READER.—We are no better able than you to say what will be the state of the mines you mention after the war. Any answer we could give would be mere guess-work. We notice that in the case of two they are being, or were the other day, worked by the Transvaal Government, which is not in their favour.

We are asked to state that the directors of the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company intimate that the accounts for the twelve months' trading ending Jan. 31, 1900, after making ample provision for all depreciations, the payment of directors' fees, allowances for income-tax, the payment of interim dividends on the Preference and Ordinary shares, and providing for the proportion of dividend due in respect of the Preference share capital from Sept. 26, 1899, to Jan. 31, 1900, enable them to declare a final dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the company for the six months ending Jan. 31, 1900, making a total dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum for the year (the highest rate permitted under the Articles of Association until a Reserve Fund of £50,000 has been created), and to carry £19,062 9s. 6d. to reserve, making a total of £27,474 13s. 11d. carried to the Reserve Fund since the incorporation of the company in May 1898.